

SUMMER DAYS AT LAKE GEORGE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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HOW BURT WENT WHALE-HUNTING.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

BURT HOLTER and his sister Hilda were sitting on the beach, playing with large twisted cockles which they imagined were cows and horses. They built stables out of chips, and fenced in their pastures, and led their cattle in long rows through the deep grooves they had made in the sand.

"When I grow up to be a man," said Burt, who was twelve years old, "I am going to sea and catch whales as father did when he was young. I don't want to stand behind a counter and sell calico and tape and coffee and sugar," he continued, thrusting his chest forward, putting his hands into his pockets, and marching with a manly swagger across the beach. "I don't want to play with cockles, like a baby any more," he added, giving a forcible kick to one of Hilda's finest shells and sending it flying across the sand.

"I wish you would n't be so naughty, Burt," cried his sister, with tears in her eyes. "If you don't want to play with me, I can play alone. Burt, oh—look there!"

Just at that moment, a dozen or more columns of water flew high into the air, and the same number of large, black tail-fins emerged from the surface of the fjord, and again slowly vanished. "Hurrah!" cried Burt in great glee, "it is a shoal of dolphins. Good-bye, Hilda dear, I think I'll run down to the boat-house."

"I think I'll go with you, Burt," said his sister obligingly, rising and shaking the sand from her skirts.

"I think you'll not," remarked her brother, angrily, "I can run faster than you."

So saying, he rushed away over the crisp sand as fast as his feet would carry him, while his sister Hilda, who was rather a soft-hearted girl, and ready with her tears, ran after him, all out of breath and calling to him at the top of her voice. Finally, when she was more than half way to the boat-house, she stumbled against a stone and fell full length upon the beach. Burt, fearing that she might be hurt, paused in his flight and returned to pick her up, but could not refrain from giving her a vindictive little shake as soon as he discovered that she had sustained no injury.

"I do think girls are the greatest bother that ever was invented," he said in high dudgeon. "I don't see what they are good for, anyway."

"I want to go with you, Burt," cried Hilda.

Seeing there was no escape, he thought he might just as well be kind to her.

"You may go," he said, "if you will promise never to tell anybody what I am going to do?"

"No, Burt, I shall never tell," said the child eagerly, and drying her tears.

"I am going whale-hunting," whispered Burt mysteriously. "Come along."

"Whale-hunting!" echoed the girl in delicious excitement. "Dear Burtie, how good you are! Oh, how lovely! No, I shall never tell it to anybody as long as I live."

It was late in the afternoon, and the sun, which at that time of the year never sets in the northern part of Norway, threw its red, misty rays like a veil of dull flame over the lofty mountains which, with their snow-hooded peaks pierced the fiery

clouds; their huge reflections shone in soft tints of red, green and gray in the depths of the fjord, whose glittering surface was calm and smooth as a mirror. Only in the bay which the school of dolphins had entered was the water ruffled; but there, high spouts rose every moment into the air and descended again in showers of fine spray.

"It is well that father has gone away with the fishermen," said Burt, as he exerted himself with all his might to push his small boat down over the slippery beams of the boat-house. "Here, Hilda, hold my harpoon for me."

Hilda, greatly impressed with her own dignity in being allowed to hold so dangerous a weapon as a harpoon, grasped it eagerly and held it up in both her arms. Burt once more put his shoulder to the stern of his light skiff (which, in honor of his father's whaling voyages, he had named "The North Pole,") and with a tremendous effort set it afloat. Then he carefully assisted Hilda into the boat, in the stern of which she seated herself. Next, he seized the oars and rowed gently out beyond the rocky headland toward which he had seen the dolphins steer their course. He was an

Now remember, and push the tiller to the side opposite where I want to go."

"I'll remember," she replied, breathlessly.

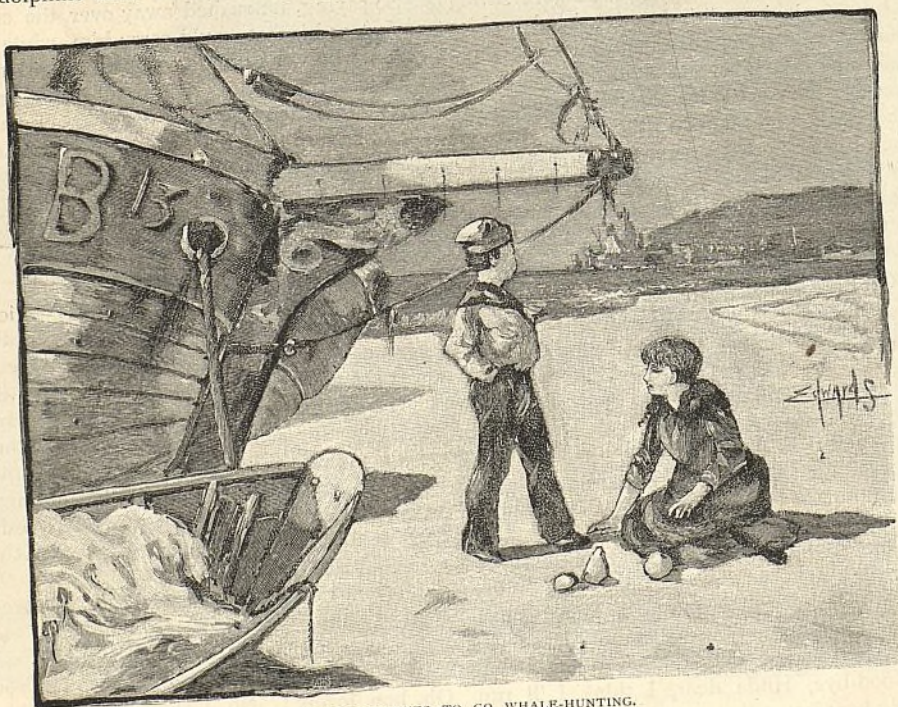
The gentle plashing of the oars and the clicking of the rowlocks were the only sounds which broke the silence of the evening. Now and then a solitary gull gave a long, shrill scream as she dived beneath the surface of the fjord, and once a fish-hawk's loud, discordant yell was flung by the echoes from mountain to mountain.

"Starboard," commanded Burt, sternly; but Hilda in her agitation pushed the tiller to the wrong side and sent the boat flying to port.

"Starboard, I said," cried the boy indignantly; "if I had known you would be so stupid, I should never have taken you along."

"Please, Burtie dear, do be patient with me," pleaded the girl remorsefully. "I shall not do so again."

It then pleased his majesty, Burt Holter, to relent, although his sister had by her awkwardness alarmed the dolphins, sending the boat right in their wake, when it had been his purpose to head them off. He knew well enough that it takes sev-



BURT RESOLVES TO GO WHALE-HUNTING.

excellent sailor for his years, and could manage a boat noiselessly and well.

"Hilda, take the helm," he whispered, "or, if you were only good for any thing, you might paddle and we should be upon them in a minute.

eral minutes for a whole school of so large a fish as the dolphin to change its course, and the hunter would thus have a good chance of "pricking" a laggard before he could catch up with his companions. Burt strained every muscle, while



A DOLPHIN DIVING.

coolly keeping his eye on the water to note the course of his game. His only chance was in cutting across the bay and lying in wait for them at the next headland. For he knew very well that if they were seriously frightened and suspected that they were being pursued, they could easily beat him by the speed and dexterity of their movements. But he saw to his delight that his calculations were correct. Instead of taking the straight course seaward, the dolphins, being probably in pursuit of fresh herring, young cod and other marine delicacies which they needed for their late dinner, steered close to land where the young fish are found in greater abundance, and their following the coast-line of the bay gave Burt a chance of cutting them off and making their acquaintance at closer quarters. Having crossed the little bay, he commanded his sister to lie down flat in the bottom of the boat—a command which she willingly, though with a quaking heart, obeyed. He backed cautiously into a little nook among the rocks from which he had a clear passage out, and

having one hand on his harpoon, which was secured by a rope to the prow of the boat, and the other on the boat-hook (with which he meant to push himself rapidly out into the midst of the school), he peered joyously over the gunwale and heard the loud snorts, followed by the hissing descent of the spray, approaching nearer and nearer. Now, steady, my boy! Don't lose your presence of mind! One, two, three—there goes! Jumping up, fixing the boat-hook against the rock, and with a tremendous push shooting out into the midst of the school was but a moment's work. Whew! The water spouts and whirls about his ears as in a shower-bath. Off goes his cap. Let it go! But stop! What was that? A terrific slap against the side of the boat as from the tail of a huge fish. Hilda jumps up with a piercing shriek and the boat careens heavily to the port side, the gunwale dipping for a moment under the water. A loud snort, followed again by a shower of spray, is heard right ahead, and, at the same moment, the harpoon flies through the air with a fierce whiz and

lodges firmly in a broad, black back. The huge fish in its first spasm of pain gives a fling with its tail and for an instant the little boat is lifted out of the water on the back of the wounded dolphin.

"Keep steady, don't let go the rope!" shouts Burt at the top of his voice, "he wont hurt —"

But before he had finished, the light skiff, with a tremendous splash, struck the water again, and the little coil of rope to which the harpoon was attached flew humming over the gunwale and disappeared with astonishing speed into the depth.

Burt seized the cord, and when there was little

knowing that, however swiftly he swam, he pulled his enemy after him. As he rose to the surface, about fifty or sixty yards ahead, a small column of water shot feebly upward, and spread in a fan-like, irregular shape before it fell. The poor dolphin floundered along for a few seconds, its long black body in full view, and then again dived down, dragging the boat onward with a series of quick, convulsive pulls.

Burt held on tightly to the cord, while the water foamed and bubbled about the prow and surged in swirling eddies in the wake of the skiff.



TOWED BY THE WOUNDED DOLPHIN.

left to spare, tied it firmly to the prow of the boat, which then, of course, leaped forward with every effort of the dolphin to rid itself of the harpoon. The rest of the school, having taken alarm, had sought deep water, and were seen, after a few minutes, far out beyond the headland.

"I want to go home, Burt," Hilda exclaimed, vehemently. "I want to go home; I don't want to get killed, Burt."

"You silly thing! You can't go home now. You must just do as I tell you, but, of course—if you only are sensible—you won't get killed, or hurt at all."

While he was yet speaking, on a sudden the boat began to move rapidly over the water.

The dolphin had bethought him of flight, not

"If I can only manage to get that dolphin," said Burt, "I know father will give me at least a dollar for him. There's lots of blubber on him, and that is used for oil to burn in lamps."

The little girl did not answer, but grasped the gunwale hard on each side, and gazed anxiously at the foaming and bubbling water. Burt, too, sat silent in the prow, but with a fisherman's excitement in his face. The sun hung, huge and fiery, over the western mountains, and sent up a great, dusky glare among the clouds, which burned in intense but lurid hues of red and gold. Gradually, and before they were fully aware of it, the boat began to rise and sink again, and Burt discovered by the heavy, even roll of the water that they must be near the ocean.

"Now you may stop, my dear dolphin," he said, coolly. "We don't want you to take us across to America. Who would have thought that he was such a tough customer anyway?"

He let go the rope, and seating himself, again put the oars into the rowlocks. He tried to arrest the speed of the boat by vigorous backing; but, to his surprise, found that his efforts were of no avail.

"Hilda," he cried, not betraying, however, the anxiety he was beginning to feel, "take the other pair of oars and let us see what you are good for."

Hilda, not realizing her danger, obeyed, a little tremblingly perhaps, and put the other pair of oars into their places.

"Now let us turn the boat around," sternly commanded the boy. "It's getting late, and we must be home before bed-time. One—two—three—pull!"

The oars struck the water simultaneously and the boat veered half way around; but the instant the oars were lifted again, it started back into its former course.

"Why don't you cut the rope and let the dolphin go?" asked Hilda, striving hard to master the tears, which again were pressing to her eyelids.

"Not I," answered her brother; "why, all the fellows would laugh at me if they heard how I first caught the dolphin and then the dolphin caught me. No, indeed. He has n't much strength left by this time, and we shall soon see him float up."

He had hardly uttered these words, when they shot past a rocky promontory, and the vast ocean spread out before them. Both sister and brother gave an involuntary cry of terror. There they were, in their frail little skiff, far away from home, and with no boat visible for miles around. "Cut the rope, cut the rope! Dear Burt, cut the rope!" screamed Hilda, wringing her hands in despair.

"I am afraid it is too late," answered her brother, doggedly. "The tide is going out, and that is what has carried us so swiftly to sea. I was a fool that I did n't think of it."

"But what shall we do—what shall we do!" moaned the girl, hiding her face in her apron.

"Stop that crying," demanded her brother, imperiously. "I'll tell you what we shall have to do. We could n't manage to pull back against the tide, especially here at the mouth of the fjord, where the current is so strong. We had better keep on seaward, and then, if we are in luck, we shall meet the fishing-boats when they return, which will be before morning. Anyway, there is little or no wind, and the night is light enough, so that they can not miss seeing us."

"Oh, I shall surely die, I shall surely die!" sobbed Hilda, flinging herself down in the bottom of the boat.

Burt deigned her no answer, but sat gazing sullenly out over the ocean toward the western horizon,

over which the low sun shed its lurid mist of fire. The ocean broke with a mighty roar against the rocks, then hushed itself for a few seconds, and then hurled itself against the rocks anew. To be frank, he was not quite so fearless as he looked; but he thought it cowardly to give expression to his fear, and especially in the presence of his sister, in whose estimation he had ever been a hero. The sun sank lower until it almost touched the water. The rope hung perfectly loose from the prow, and only now and then grew tense as if something was feebly tugging at it at the other end. He concluded that the dolphin had bled to death or was exhausted. In the meanwhile, they were drifting rapidly westward, and the hollow noise of the breakers was growing more and more distant. From a merely idle impulse of curiosity Burt began to haul in his rope, and presently saw a black body, some eight or nine feet long, floating up only a few rods from the boat. He gave four or five pulls at the rope and was soon alongside of it. Burt felt very sad as he looked at it, and was sorry he had killed the harmless animal. The thought came into his mind that his present desperate situation was God's punishment on him for his cruel delight in killing.

"But God would not punish my sister for my wickedness," he reflected, gazing tenderly at Hilda, who lay in the boat with her hands folded under her cheek, having sobbed herself to sleep. He felt consoled, and murmuring a prayer he had once heard in church for "sailors in distress at sea," lay down at his sister's side and stared up into the vast, red dome of the sky above him. The water plashed gently against the sides of the skiff as it rose and rocked upon the great smooth "ground swell," and again sank down, as it seemed into infinite depths, only to climb again the next billow. Burt felt sleepy and hungry, and the more he stared into the sky the more indistinct became his vision. He sprang up, determined to make one last, desperate effort, and strove to row in toward land, but he could make no headway against the strong tide, and with aching limbs and a heavy heart he again stretched himself out in the bottom of the boat. Before he knew it he was fast asleep.

He did not know how long he had slept, but the dim, fiery look of the sun had changed into an airy rose color, when he felt some one seizing him by the arm and crying out: "In the name of wonders, boy, how did you come here?"

He rubbed his eyes and saw his father's shaggy face close to his.

"And my dear little girl too," cried the father, in a voice of terror. "Heaven be praised for having preserved her."

And he lifted Hilda in his arms and pressed her

close to his breast. Burt thought he saw tears glistening in his eyes. That made him suddenly very solemn. For he had never seen his father cry before. Around about him was a fleet of some thirty or forty boats laden to the gunwale with herring. He now understood his rescue.

"Now tell me, Burt, truthfully," said his father, gravely, still holding the sobbing Hilda tightly in his embrace, "how did this happen?"

"I went a-whaling," stammered Burt, feeling not at all so brave as he had felt when he started

on his voyage. But he still had courage enough to point feebly to the dead dolphin which lay secured a short distance from the skiff.

The father gazed in amazement at the huge fish, then again at his son, as if comparing their bulk. He felt that he ought to scold the youthful whaler, but he was more inclined to praise his daring spirit.

"Burt," he said, patting the boy's curly head, "you may be a brave laddie; but next time your bravery gets the better of you,—leave the lassie at home."

THE LESSON OF THE BRIERS.

BY JOEL STACY.

"CHARLEY! Charley!" called Ella to her younger brother; "*don't* go among those briars; come over here in the garden!"

"Ho! stay in the garden! who wants to stay in the garden?" answered master Charley with great contempt. "I guess you think I'm a girl to want to play where it's all smooth and everything. Ho!"

"That's not it, Charley, but you know we both have on our good clothes, and we must be ready to run quick when we hear the carriage drive up to the gate with Aunt May and Cousin Harry and Alice."

"I know that as well as you do," said Charley, pushing his way through the hedge as he spoke. "Girls are n't good for any thing but to sit and sew. I mean to have some fun. I mean to cl—"

Ella felt like giving some angry answer, but she checked herself, and went on with her sewing as she sat under the big tree, wondering what made Charley break off his sentence so suddenly.

"El-la, El-la!" cried a pitiful voice at last, "come help me! I'm getting all torn. O—oh!"

Sure enough, Charley *was* getting all torn; some big thorns had caught his new trousers, and the harder he struggled the worse matters became.

"Hold still, dear," said Ella, "I can't help you while you kick so. There! now you're free. Oh! Charley!"

Charley, clapping his hand to his trousers, knew well enough what Ella's "Oh!" meant. It meant a great big tear in his new clothes, two cousins coming to spend the day, and a poor little boy sobbing

in the nursery until the nurse would stop scolding and make him fit to go down and see the company. The very thought of all this misery made him cry.

"Oh! they'll be here in a minute! boo-hoo!" he sobbed; "what *shall* I do?"

"Why, stand still, that's all," said Ella, hastily threading her needle with a long black thread; "stand just so, dear, till I mend it."

"Mend it!" cried master Charles delighted. "Oh Ella! *Will* you?"

"Certainly I will," she answered very gently, at the same time beginning to draw the edges of the tear together; "you know girls are not good for any thing but to sit and sew."

"O Ella! I didn't say that."

"I think you *did*, Charley."

"Not *exactly* that, I guess. It was awful mean, if I did. Oh! hurry; I hear the carriage."

"Do be quiet, you little wriggler!" laughed his sister, hastily finishing the work as well as she could, so that Charley in a moment looked quite fine again. "There! we'll get to the gate before they turn into the lane, after all."

Charley held Ella's hand more tightly than usual as they ran toward the gate together. Ella noticed it, and stopped to kiss him.

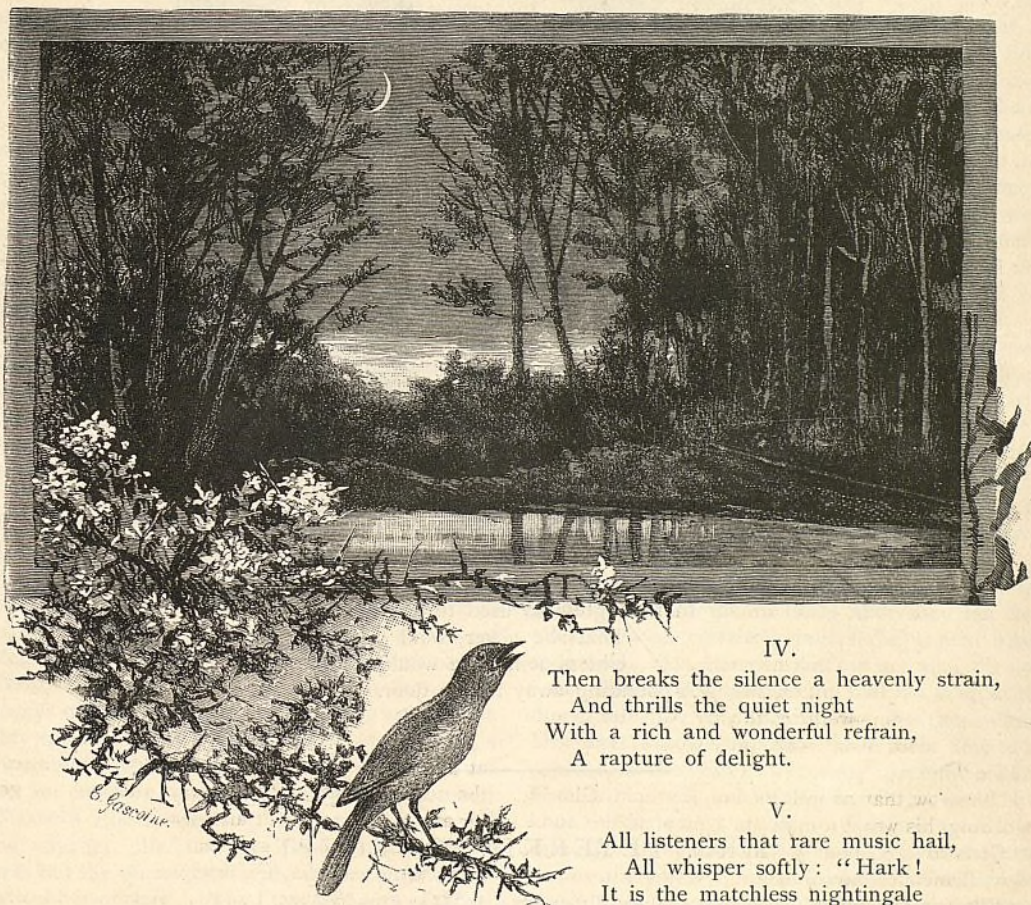
"I'm sorry I spoke so," he panted, kissing her again right heartily. "Does it show?"

"Not a bit; you would n't know any thing had happened. Hurrah! here they are!"

"Hurrah! Howdy do, everybody!" shouted Charley.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY CELIA THAXTER.



I.

THERE is a bird, a plain, brown bird,
That dwells in lands afar,
Whose wild, delicious song is heard
With evening's first white star.

II.

When, dewy-fresh and still, the night
Steals to the waiting world,
And the new moon glitters silver bright,
And the fluttering winds are furled;

III.

When the balm of summer is in the air,
And the deep rose breathes of musk,
And there comes a waft of blossoms fair
Through the enchanted dusk;

IV.

Then breaks the silence a heavenly strain,
And thrills the quiet night
With a rich and wonderful refrain,
A rapture of delight.

V.

All listeners that rare music hail,
All whisper softly: "Hark!
It is the matchless nightingale
Sweet-singing in the dark."

VI.

He has no pride of feathers fine;
Unconscious, too, is he,
That welcomed as a thing divine
Is his clear minstrelsy.

VII.

But from the fullness of his heart
His happy carol pours;
Beyond all praise, above all art,
His song to heaven soars.

VIII.

And through the whole wide world his fame
Is sounded far and near;
Men love to speak his very name;
That brown bird is so dear.



A LADY who lived by the shore,
In time grew so used to its roar,
That she never could sleep
Unless some one would keep
A-pounding away at the door.

MRS. PETERKIN IN EGYPT.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

THE family had taken passage in the new line for Bordeaux. They supposed they had; but would they ever reach the vessel in New York? The last moments were terrific. In spite of all their careful arrangements, their planning and packing of the last year, it seemed, after all, as if everything were left for the very last day. There were presents for the family to be packed, six steamer-bags for Mrs. Peterkin, half a dozen sachels of salts-bottles for Elizabeth Eliza, Apollinaris water, lunch-baskets. All these must be disposed of.

On the very last day, Elizabeth Eliza went into Boston to buy a bird, as she had been told she would be less likely to be sea-sick if she had a bird in a cage in her state-room. Both she and her mother disliked the singing of caged birds, especially of canaries, but Mrs. Peterkin argued that

they would be less likely to be homesick, as they never had birds at home. After long moments of indecision, Elizabeth Eliza determined upon two canary birds, thinking she might let them fly as they approached the shore of Portugal, and they would then reach their native islands. This matter detained her till the latest train, so that on her return from Boston to their quiet suburban home, she found the whole family assembled in the station, ready to take the through express train to New York.

She did not have time, therefore, to go back to the house for her own things. It was now locked up and the key intrusted to the Bromwicks; and all the Bromwicks and the rest of the neighbors were at the station, ready to bid them good-bye. The family had done their best to collect all her

scattered bits of baggage, but all through her travels, afterward, she was continually missing something she had left behind, that she would have packed, and had intended to bring.

They reached New York with half a day on their hands, and, during this time, Agamemnon fell in with some old college friends, who were going with a party to Greece to look up the new excavations. They were to leave, the next day, in a steamer for Gibraltar. Agamemnon felt that here was the place for him, and hastened to consult his family. Perhaps he could persuade them to change their plans and take passage with the party for Gibraltar. But he reached the pier just as the steamer for Bordeaux was leaving the shore. He was too late, and was left behind! Too late to consult them, too late even to join them! He examined his map, however,—one of his latest purchases, which he carried in his pocket,—and consoled himself with the fact that on reaching Gibraltar he could soon communicate with his family at Bordeaux, and he was easily reconciled to his fate.

It was not till the family landed at Bordeaux that they discovered the absence of Agamemnon. Every day, there had been some of the family unable to come on deck,—sea-sick below; Mrs. Peterkin never left her berth, and constantly sent messages to the others to follow her example, as she was afraid some one of them would be lost overboard. Those who were on deck from time to time were always different ones, and the passage was remarkably quick, while, from the tossing of the ship, as they met rough weather, they were all too miserable to compare notes, or count their numbers. Elizabeth Eliza, especially, had been exhausted by the voyage. She had not been many days sea-sick, but the incessant singing of the birds had deprived her of sleep. Then the necessity of talking French had been a great tax upon her. The other passengers were mostly French, and the rest of the family constantly appealed to her to interpret their wants, and explain them to the *garçon*, once every day at dinner. She felt as if she never wished to speak another word in French, and the necessity of being interpreter at the hotel at Bordeaux, on their arrival, seemed almost too much for her. She had even forgotten to let her canary birds fly, when off shore in the Bay of Biscay, and they were still with her, singing incessantly, as if they were rejoicing over an approach to their native shores. She thought now she must keep them till their return, which they were already planning.

The little boys, indeed, would like to have gone back on the return trip of the steamer. A son of the steward told them that the return cargo consisted of dried fruits and raisins; that every state-room,

except those occupied with passengers, would be filled with boxes of raisins and jars of grapes; that these often broke open in the passage, giving a great opportunity for boys.

But the family held to their Egypt plan, and were cheered by making the acquaintance of an English party. At the table d'hôte, Elizabeth Eliza by chance dropped her fork into her neighbor's lap. She apologized in French, her neighbor answered in the same language, which Elizabeth Eliza understood so well that she concluded she had at last met with a true Parisian, and ventured on more conversation, when, suddenly, they both found they were talking in English, and Elizabeth Eliza exclaimed: "I am so glad to meet an American," at the moment that her companion was saying, "Then you are an Englishwoman!"

From this moment, Elizabeth Eliza was at ease, and indeed both parties were mutually pleased. Elizabeth Eliza's new friend was one of a large party, and she was delighted to find that they, too, were planning a winter in Egypt. They were waiting till a friend should have completed her "cure" at Pau, and the Peterkins were glad also to wait for the appearance of Agamemnon, who might arrive in the next steamer.

One of the little boys was sure he had heard Agamemnon's voice the morning after they left New York, and was certain he must have been on board the vessel. Mr. Peterkin was not so sure. He now remembered that Agamemnon had not been at the dinner table the very first evening. But then neither Mrs. Peterkin nor Solomon John were able to be present, as the vessel was tossing in a most uncomfortable manner, and nothing but dinner could have kept the little boys at table. Solomon John knew that Agamemnon had not been in his own state-room during the passage, but he himself had seldom left it, and it had been always planned that Agamemnon should share that of a fellow-passenger.

However this might be, it would be best to leave Marseilles with the English party by the "P. & O." steamer. This was one of the English "Peninsular and Oriental" line, that left Marseilles for Alexandria, Egypt, and made a return trip directly to Southampton, England. Mr. Peterkin thought it might be advisable to take "go and return" tickets, coming back to Southampton, and Mrs. Peterkin liked the idea of no change of baggage, though she dreaded the longer voyage. Elizabeth Eliza approved of this return trip in the P. & O. steamer, and decided it would give a good opportunity to dispose of her canary-birds on her return.

The family therefore consoled themselves at Marseilles with the belief that Agamemnon would appear somehow. If not, Mr. Peterkin thought he

could telegraph him from Marseilles, if he only knew where to telegraph to. But at Marseilles there was great confusion at the Hôtel de Noailles, for the English party met other friends, who persuaded them to take route together by Brindisi. Elizabeth Eliza was anxious to continue with her new English friend, and Solomon John was delighted with the idea of passing through the whole length of Italy. But the sight of the long journey, as she saw it on the map in the guide-book, terrified Mrs. Peterkin. And Mr. Peterkin had taken their tickets for the Marseilles line. Elizabeth Eliza still dwelt upon the charm of crossing under the Alps, while this very idea alarmed Mrs. Peterkin.

On the last morning, the matter was still undecided. On leaving the hotel, it was necessary for the party to divide, and take two omnibuses. Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin reached the steamer at the moment of departure, and suddenly Mrs. Peterkin found they were leaving the shore. As they crossed the broad gangway to reach the deck, she had not noticed they had left the pier, indeed she had supposed that the steamer was one she saw out in the offing, and that they would be obliged to take a boat to reach it. She hurried from the group of travelers whom she had followed, to find Mr. Peterkin reading from his guide-book to the little boys an explanation that they were passing the "Chateau d'If," from which the celebrated historical character, the Count of Monte Cristo, had escaped by flinging himself into the sea.

"Where is Elizabeth Eliza? Where is Solomon John?" Mrs. Peterkin exclaimed, seizing Mr. Peterkin's arm. Where indeed? There was a pile of the hand baggage of the family, but not that of Elizabeth Eliza, not even the bird-cage. "It was on the top of the other omnibus," exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin. Yes, one of the little boys had seen it on the pavement of the court-yard of the hotel, and had carried it to the omnibus in which Elizabeth Eliza was sitting. He had seen her through the window.

"Where is that other omnibus?" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, looking vaguely over the deck, as they were fast retreating from the shore. "Ask somebody what became of that other omnibus!" she exclaimed. "Perhaps they have gone with the English people," suggested Mr. Peterkin, but he went to the officers of the boat, and attempted to explain in French that one-half of his family had been left behind. He was relieved to find that the officers could understand his French, though they did not talk English. They declared, however, it was utterly impossible to turn back. They were already two minutes and a half behind time, on account of waiting for a party who had been very long in crossing the gangway.

Mr. Peterkin returned gloomily with the little boys to Mrs. Peterkin. "We can not go back," he said, "we must content ourselves with going on, but I conclude we can telegraph from Malta. We can send a message to Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John, telling them that they can take the next Marseilles P. & O. steamer in ten days, or that they can go back to Southampton for the next boat, which leaves at the end of this week. And Elizabeth Eliza may decide upon this," Mr. Peterkin concluded, "on account of passing so near the Canary Isles."

"She will be glad to be rid of the birds," said Mrs. Peterkin, calming herself.

These anxieties, however, were swallowed up in new trials. Mrs. Peterkin found that she must share her cabin (she found it was called "cabin," and not "state-room," which bothered her and made her feel like Robinson Crusoe)—her cabin she must share with some strange ladies, while Mr. Peterkin and the little boys were carried to another part of the ship. Mrs. Peterkin remonstrated, delighted to find that her English was understood though it was not listened to. It was explained to her that every family was divided in this way, and that she would meet Mr. Peterkin and the little boys at meal times in the large *salon*, on which all the cabins opened, and on deck, and she was obliged to content herself with this. Whenever they met their time was spent in concocting a form of telegram to send from Malta. It would be difficult to bring it into the required number of words, as it would be necessary to suggest three different plans to Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John. Besides the two they had already discussed, there was to be considered the possibility of their having joined the English party. But Mrs. Peterkin was sure they must have gone back first to the Hôtel de Noailles, to which they could address their telegram.

She found, meanwhile, the ladies in her cabin very kind and agreeable. They were mothers, returning to India, who had been home to England to leave their children, as they were afraid to expose them longer to the climate of India. Mrs. Peterkin could have sympathetic talks with them over their family photographs. Mrs. Peterkin's family book was, alas, in Elizabeth Eliza's hand-bag. It contained the family photographs, from early childhood upward, and was a large volume, representing the children at every age.

At Malta, as he supposed, Mr. Peterkin and the little boys landed, in order to send their telegram. Indeed all of the gentlemen among the passengers, and some of the ladies, gladly went on shore to visit the points of interest that could be seen in the time allotted. The steamer was to take in coal, and would not leave till early the next morning.

Mrs. Peterkin did not accompany them. She still had her fears about leaving the ship and returning to it, although it had been so quietly accomplished at Marseilles.

The party returned late at night, after Mrs. Peterkin had gone to her cabin. The next morning, she found the ship was in motion, but she did not find Mr. Peterkin and the little boys at the breakfast table as usual. She was told that the party who went on shore had all been to the opera and had returned at a late hour to the steamer, and would naturally be late at breakfast. Mrs. Peterkin went on deck to await them, and look for Malta as it seemed to retreat in the distance. But the day passed on and neither Mr. Peterkin, nor either of the little boys appeared! She tried to calm herself with the thought that they must need sleep, but all the rest of the passengers appeared, relating their different adventures. At last, she sent the steward to inquire for them. He came back with one of the officers of the boat, much disturbed, to say that they could not be found, they must have been left behind. There was great excitement, and deep interest expressed for Mrs. Peterkin. One of the officers was very surly, and declared he could not be responsible for the inanity of passengers. Another was more courteous. Mrs. Peterkin asked if they could not go back; if, at least, she could not be put back. He explained how this would be impossible, but that the company would telegraph when they reached Alexandria.

Mrs. Peterkin calmed herself as well as she could, though indeed she was bewildered by her position. She was to land in Alexandria alone, and the landing she was told would be especially difficult. The steamer would not be able to approach the shore, the passengers would go down the sides of the ship, and be lifted off the steps, by Arabs, into a Felucca (whatever that was) below. She shuddered at the prospect. It was darker than her gloomiest fancies had pictured. Would it not be better to remain in the ship; go back to Southampton; perhaps meet Elizabeth Eliza there; picking up Mr. Peterkin, at Malta, on the way? But at this moment she discovered that she was not on a "P. & O." steamer—it was a French steamer of the "Messagerie" line; they had stopped at Messina, and not at Malta. She could not go back to Southampton, so she was told by an English colonel on his way to India. He, indeed, was very courteous, and advised her to "go to an hotel" at Alexandria with some of the ladies, and send her telegrams from there. To whom, however, would she wish to send a telegram?

"Who is Mr. Peterkin's banker?" asked the colonel. Alas, Mrs. Peterkin did not know. He

had at first selected a banker in London, but had afterward changed his mind and talked of a banker in Paris, and she was not sure what was his final decision. She had known the name of the London banker, but had forgotten it; because she had written it down, and she never did remember the things she wrote down in her book. That was her old memorandum-book, and she had left it at home, because she had brought a new one for her travels. She was sorry now she had not kept the old book. This, however, was not of so much importance, as it did not contain the name of the Paris banker, and this she had never heard. "Elizabeth Eliza would know;" but how could she reach Elizabeth Eliza?

Some one asked if there were not some friend in America to whom she could appeal, if she did not object to using the ocean telegraph.

"There is a friend in America," said Mrs. Peterkin, "to whom we all of us do go for advice, and who always does help us. She lives in Philadelphia."

"Why not telegraph to her for advice?" asked her friends.

Mrs. Peterkin gladly agreed that it would be the best plan. The expense of the cablegram would be nothing in comparison with the assistance the answer would bring.

Her new friends then invited her to accompany them to their hotel in Alexandria, from which she could send her dispatch. The thought of thus being able to reach her hand across the sea, to the lady from Philadelphia, gave Mrs. Peterkin fresh courage,—courage even to make the landing. As she descended the side of the ship and was guided down the steps, she closed her eyes, that she might not see herself lifted into the many-oared boat by the wild-looking Arabs, of whom she had caught a glimpse from above. But she could not close her ears, and as they approached the shore, strange sounds almost deafened her. She closed her eyes again, as she was lifted from the boat, and heard the wild yells and shrieks around her. There was a clashing of brass, a jingling of bells, and the screams grew more and more terrific. If she did open her eyes, she saw wild figures gesticulating, dark faces, gay costumes, crowds of men and boys, donkeys, horses, even camels in the distance. She closed her eyes once more as she was again lifted. Should she now find herself on the back of one of those high camels? Perhaps for this she came to Egypt. But when she looked round again, she found she was leaning back in a comfortable open carriage, with a bottle of salts at her nose. She was in the midst of a strange whirl of excitement; but all the party were bewildered, and she had scarcely recovered her composure when they reached the hotel.

Here, a comfortable meal and rest somewhat restored them. By the next day, a messenger from the boat brought her the return telegram from Messina. Mr. Peterkin and family, left behind by the "Messagerie" steamer, had embarked the next day by steamer, probably for Naples.

More anxious than ever was Mrs. Peterkin to send her dispatch. It was too late the day of their arrival, but at an early hour next day it was sent, and after a day had elapsed, the answer came:

"All meet at The Sphinx."

Everything now seemed plain. The words were few, but clear. Her English friends were going directly to Cairo, and she accompanied them.

After reaching Cairo, the whole party were obliged to rest a while. They would indeed go with Mrs. Peterkin on her first visit to the Sphinx; as to see the Sphinx and ascend the Pyramid formed part of their programme. But many delays occurred to detain them, and Mrs. Peterkin had resolved to carry out completely the advice of the telegram. She would sit every day before the Sphinx. She found, that, as yet, there was no hotel exactly in front of the Sphinx, nor indeed on that side of the river, and she would be obliged to make the excursion of nine miles there and nine miles back, each day. But there would always be a party of travelers whom she could accompany. Each day, she grew more and more accustomed to the bewildering sights and sounds about her, and more and more willing to intrust herself to the dark-colored guides. At last, chafing at so many delays, she decided to make the expedition without her new friends. She had made some experiments in riding upon a donkey, and found she was seldom thrown, and could not be hurt by the slight fall.

And so, one day, Mrs. Peterkin sat alone in front of the Sphinx,—alone, as far as her own family and friends were concerned, and yet not alone indeed. A large crowd of guides sat around this strange lady who proposed to spend the day in front of the Sphinx. Clad in long white robes, and white turbans crowning their dark faces, they gazed into her

eyes with something of the questioning expression with which she herself was looking into the eyes of the Sphinx.

There were other travelers wandering about. Just now, her own party had collected to eat their lunch together, but they were scattered again, and she sat with a circle of Arabs about her, the watchful dragoman lingering near.

Somehow, the Eastern languor must have stolen upon her, or she could not have sat so calmly, not knowing where a single member of her family was at that moment. And she had dreaded Egypt so; had feared separation; had even been a little afraid of the Sphinx, upon which she was now looking as at a protecting angel. But they all were to meet at the Sphinx!

If only she could have seen where the different members of the family were, at that moment, she could not have sat so quietly. She little knew that a tall form, not far away (following some guides down into the lower halls of a lately excavated temple), with a blue veil wrapped about a face shielded with smoke-colored spectacles, was that of Elizabeth Eliza, herself, from whom she had been separated two weeks before.

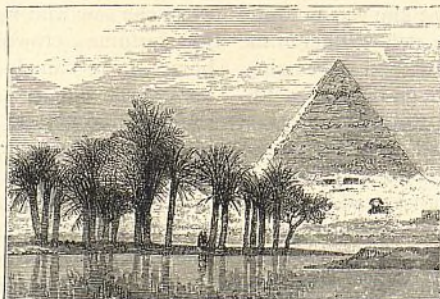
She little knew that at this moment, Solomon John was standing, looking over the edge of the Matterhorn, wishing he had not come up so high. But such a gay, young party had set off that morning from the hotel that he had supposed it an easy thing to join them, and now he would fain go back, but was tied to the rest of his party with their guide preceding them, and he must keep on and crawl up behind them, still further, on hands and knees.

Agamemnon was at Mycenæ, looking down into an open pit.

Two of the little boys were roasting eggs in the crater of Mt. Vesuvius.

And she would have seen Mr. Peterkin, comfortably reclining in a gondola, with one of the little boys, in front of the palaces of Venice.

But none of this she saw, she only looked into the eyes of the Sphinx.



THE PUNJAUBS OF SIAM.

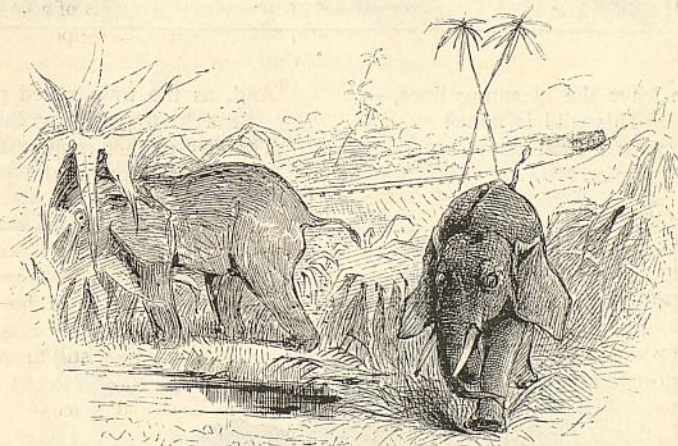
BY MRS. S. C. STONE.

"TOOT, toot!" puffed Mrs. Punjaub,
 Loud trumpeting with fear,
 "I do believe what they call '*men*'
 Have been invading here!
 And that they've spun their railroad,—
 There's so much talk about,—
 Right through our quiet jungle
 I have n't, now, a doubt!"

Thus spake a lady elephant
 In her own far Siam;
 But Mr. Punjaub bore the news
 Just like a ponderous lamb.

Till, one day, through their solitudes
 There pierced a dreadful screech!
 When, Mrs. Punjaub, fainting, caught
 The nearest branch in reach!

Right down upon their silent haunts
 There tore a shrieking train;
 At which it seemed Punjaub, himself,
 Would never breathe again!
 One moment thus he quailed, and then
 On that fast-flying train
 He strove to turn; but it had passed,
 And all was still again.



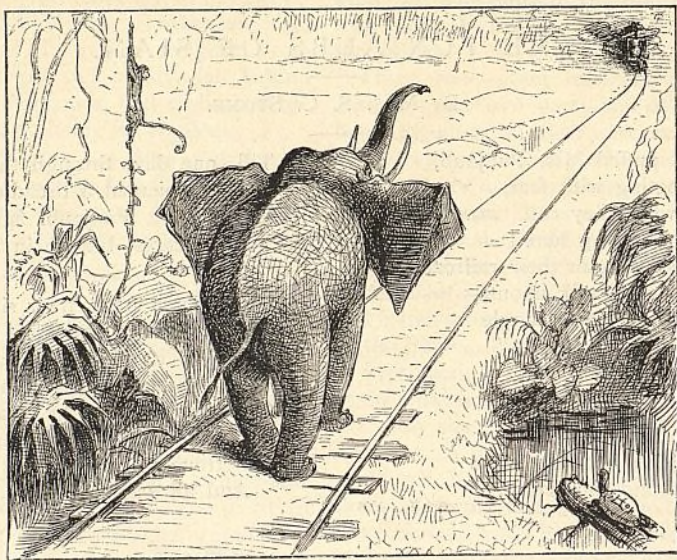
He laid his ears back lightly
 As though he hardly heard,
 And took a second bite of tree
 Before he spoke a word.

"These so-called men are pigmies!
 Pray, what can creatures do
 Who have no tusks, nor even trunks,
 Who're so inferior, too?
 Once let them show their faces here—
 I'll scatter them like chaff!"
 And then he smiled a lordly smile;
 She laughed a wifely laugh.

They really quite enjoyed their fun,
 So pleasant 't is to feel
 Superior to some weaker sort,
 And turn upon one's heel!

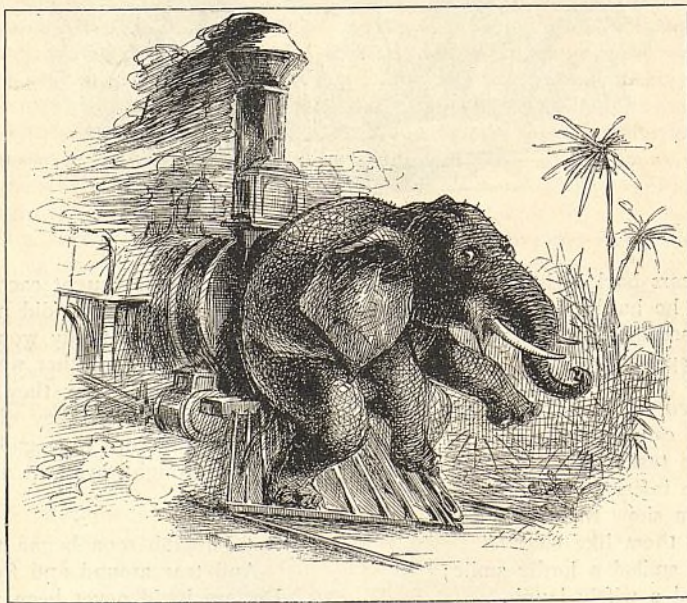
The Punjaubs caught each other's eyes;
 They winked, but did not speak;
 Since Punjaub hardly would have told
 His knees felt rather weak.
 Though what to say they did not know,
 Just what to do they did:
 With one accord they galloped off
 And straightway went and hid.

But Punjaub soon began to scold
 And tear around and fret,
 Declare he'd never been afraid
 Of any humbug, yet!
 So, when that same invading train
 Came slowly shrieking back,
 Old Punjaub thundered boldly down
 To storm along the track.



Nor would he leave the gleaming lines,—
 He roared: "This wild is mine!
 And I shall go, or I shall stay,
 Whichever I incline!"

And, as the train rolled pointing on
 Straight towards big Punjaub's legs,
 The cow-catcher soon tossed his weight
 Quite off those useful pegs.



So pigmy man turned on his steam
 And laughed with sly aside:
 "If that's your tune, old Juggernaut,
 We'll treat you to a ride!"

Perhaps things wore an aspect new
 As, crouching like a dog,
 The startled beast was whirled away
 At quite a lightning jog.

Unwilling though he were to ride,
 He dared not drop his feet,
 And so he did the next best thing,—
 He humbly kept his seat.
 But when the playful man was tired,
 And gave him half a chance,
 Bewildered Punjaub found his feet
 And fled with frantic prance.



And, as he went, with baffled rage
 He pulled up mighty trees,
 That so he might somehow secure
 His injured spirit's ease.
 Great Punjaub never rode again;—
 The sun had scarcely set
 Ere he had nailed a ticket up:—
 "This Jungle is TO LET."

HASSAN'S WATER-MELON—A TURKISH STORY.

BY DAVID KER.

THERE are few pleasanter places in the world than the hills of Western Anatolia, and the dainty little white villages that look down upon the bright blue waters of the Bosphorus form a maze of clustering vineyards and sunny melon-patches. Any one who is not afraid of heat or stinging-flies may spend a month there pleasantly enough; but three hundred and fifty years ago, when Turkey was strong enough to scare all Western Europe, and Russia had still the whole breadth of Tartary between her and the Black Sea, it was a very different matter.

Then, all these shady gardens and green hill-sides were one great mass of savage forest, through which fierce beasts and fiercer men roamed at will. The town of Brusa—where you can now live in a snug, little hotel, and ride out into the country whenever you please—shut and barred its gates, in those days, the moment the glow of sunset began to fade from the great, white dome of Mount Olympus overhead. At night, the howl of the Syrian wolves could be heard close under the walls and robbers haunted every road.

But there was *one* man who seemed to fear neither wolf nor robber, cultivating his little garden on the slope of the mountain, and trudging into the town to sell his fruit, as coolly as if he had been in the heart of Constantinople. Many people told him that he would certainly be robbed or eaten up some day; but Hassan, like a sturdy old Turk as he was, only answered that no man can avoid his destiny, and went on just the same as before, raising and selling his fruit, and providing

food for himself and his little girl, the only other inhabitant of the clay hovel, and jogged along, altogether, contentedly enough.

Now it happened that one day he had in his garden a fine melon, so much bigger than all the rest that he made up his mind not to sell it, but to keep it as a birthday treat for his little Fatima.

Old Hassan was sitting watching it, one hot afternoon, as he smoked his long pipe in the shade, and listened to the tinkle of the tiny stream that kept his little plot alive, when suddenly the garden door opened, and in came three men, with guns on their shoulders and long spears in their hands.

Hassan's first thought was that the robbers were upon him at last; but one glance showed him that the new-comers, roughly-dressed and dusty though they were, did not look in the least like brigands. Two of them were fine-looking men of middle age, whose long, dark beards were just beginning to turn gray. The third was a tall, handsome young man with large, black eyes, who came forward and said courteously:

"Peace be with thee, father. We have been hunting on the mountain and have lost our way; tell me, I pray you, how far it is to Brusa."

"It lies right before you," answered Hassan, rising at once to receive them, like a hospitable old fellow as he was; "and when you have rested awhile, I will gladly guide you thither. But first, I pray you, sit down and repose yourselves, and take of such food as I can offer."

"That will we do gladly, for we have fasted since sunrise," said the youth, seating himself;

"and we shall be well served with some bread and a slice of yon melon; a finer I have never seen!"

This was more than poor Hassan had bargained for, and he looked ruefully at the splendid fruit, his little daughter's promised treat. But it was not in his nature to deny anything to a tired and hungry guest, and in a trice the cherished melon was vanishing piece by piece down the strangers' throats, while Hassan stood by with a gallant attempt at a smile.

But little Fatima did not take the matter so quietly by any means. When she saw her father pluck up the fruit, she was too much confounded to say any thing; but the sight of it being devoured before her very eyes was too much for her self-command, which broke down in a burst of sobs and tears.

"Ha! what means this?" asked the youngest hunter, looking up from his meal. Hassan tried to avoid an explanation, but there was something in the young huntsman's look and tone not easy to resist, and at last the whole truth came out.

"And thou hast given thy child's chosen fruit rather than seem inhospitable?" cried the guest admiringly. "Would to Heaven all men followed the Prophet's teaching like thee! then should I have a quieter life of it. How say ye, friends? What doth this man deserve?"

But before his comrades could answer, the garden gate flew open again, and the whole place was filled with richly-dressed men, who threw them-

selves at the young stranger's feet, crying: "God be praised, we have found the Commander of the Faithful, safe and sound!"

"Purse-bearer," said the huntsman, pointing to Hassan, who stood petrified at the discovery that his strange guest was no other than the Sultan himself, "give this man a hundred zecchins, to show him that Solymán leaves no good deed unrequited. And, as for thee, little one," he added, hanging around Fatima's neck the gold chain that fastened his girdle, "let this comfort thee for the loss of thy melon. Had I a daughter like thee, my palace would not seem so lonely."

And away he swept toward Brusa with his retinue. Now when the Governor of Brusa, a mean, greedy fellow, heard of Hassan's luck, he at once picked out the finest horse in his stables, and away he went post-haste to present it to the Sultan, expecting to get something very good in return.

"Thou hast deserved a good reward, my servant," said the Sultan, with a twinkling eye; for he saw through the man in a moment. "Yesterday, I paid a hundred gold pieces for this melon; I give thee the goodly fruit in exchange for thy horse!"

You may fancy how the Governor looked, and what a hard time of it his household had that night, though he took good care to tell no one *what* had made him so angry. But the story got abroad, nevertheless, and for years afterward, "Hassan's melon" was a proverb throughout the whole district.

SEA BABY-HOUSES.

BY MRS. H. M. MILLER.

YOU would n't think it, but the queer things shown on the next page are merely baby-houses, as they are cast up on the sea-shore after the youngsters who lived in them have started out in life for themselves.

The long one, curving through the middle, which looks like a string of empty seed-pods, was once the home of a whole family. Inside each of these low, round rooms, on a soft bed like the white of an egg, reposed several baby Pyrulas, about as big as grains of rice. There, they lived and grew, shut up closely from the salt water till they reached the proper age, when a tiny, round door in the front opened, and out they all went into the sea.

Like many little fellows who live in the water, each baby Pyrula carries his own house on his back. It is made of shell, and of course is very

small at first, but it grows to be six or seven inches long before he can be called grown up. The shell is like a snail's shell drawn out longer at one end into a canal, which makes it the shape of a pear, and gives it the name Pyrula, which means a little pear, though our grandfathers thought it more like a fig, and named it The Tower-of-Babel Fig-shell.

The Pyrula lives on our coast, and the empty baby-houses—sometimes in a string a yard long—are washed up by the waves, and called by sea-side visitors "vegetable rattlesnake."

A grown-up Pyrula is a queer-looking fellow as he walks about looking for fresh meat for breakfast. His house is built over his back, as a lady holds her parasol when the sun is behind her; his head, with its feelers, or tentacles, and its pair of

black eyes stuck out in front to see the way; his foot dragging behind like a trailing dress and carefully supporting the door of his house.

His foot trailing! Strange as it sounds, it is quite true. He has but one foot, though it is big enough for a dozen, as we regard feet. On this one foot he not only creeps around in the world wherever he wishes to go, but leaves enough dragging on behind to safely carry the door, as I said. Big as the foot is, too, he can draw it completely inside his house and close the door, which is a thin, oval-shaped affair just fitting the opening; and then you might mistake it for an empty shell tossed up by the waves.

I should like to tell you the name by which you might hunt him up in the big books; but alas! he has had so many names that he's as horrid to find as though he had none. He's a *Mollusc*, because his body is soft, and a *Cephalous mollusc*, because he has a head, which not every body does have in the sea. He's a *Univalve*, because he has but one shell, and a *Gasteropod*, because of his wide, flat foot, and he is *Canaliculated*, because of his long canal.

That's not all: from his spindle shape he has been called *Fusus*, and from his resemblance to a pear, *Pyrula*. One names him *Murex*, because he lives on the rocks, and another, *Bousycon*, for some other reason. The last name up to 1875 is *Sycoteus*, according to Professor Morse.

On the whole, until the scientists settle this matter definitely, we may as well call him *Pyrula*, as did our fathers before us.

A cousin of his, the Whelk, prepares a droll little cluster of baby-houses which look like the ends of

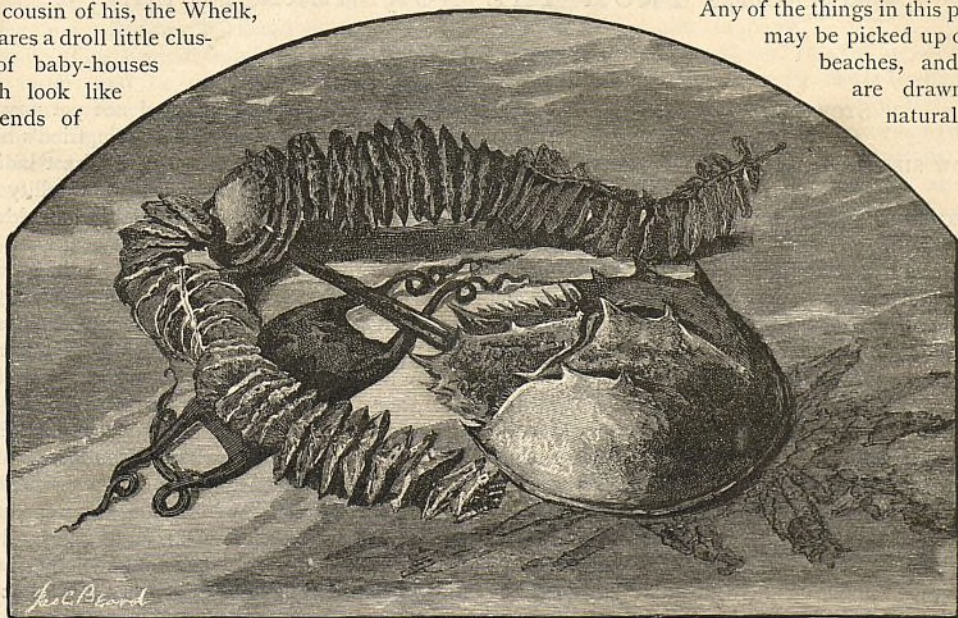
an ear of corn; and on the coast of Maine, it is called Sea-corn, and a hundred years ago, it had the name of Sea Wash-balls, being used by sailors for soap.

Each little ball or bag of the cluster is the home of several baby Whelks, whose life in the sea is much like that of the *Pyrula*. The Whelk, too, likes fresh meat for breakfast, and he gets it by boring a hole through the shell of some tender scollop, or other peaceful creature, and dragging the owner out, to eat. The weapon with which he thus breaks into his neighbor's house is his tongue, which is a sort of ribbon armed with hundreds of sharp teeth.

The square-looking object with a handle at each corner, was the nursery of the baby Skate. You who visit the sea-shore have doubtless often seen them in a tangle of coarse sea-weed on the beach. The Skate baby had this snug room to himself; for he is much bigger than the *Pyrula*, and when he made his way out into the world he was a round, flat fish exactly like his mother, only, of course, not so large. The empty case is black and leathery, not at all like the yellowish baby-houses of the Whelk family.

The thorny empty home in the foreground, with its long, sharp tail running out below, belongs to a young Horse-shoe Crab who grew too big for it, and so simply went out at the front door, and left it to be washed up on the beach. He is an interesting little fellow, and you have already been told some of his queer ways in the first volume of ST. NICHOLAS (page 262).

Any of the things in this picture may be picked up on our beaches, and they are drawn the natural size.





THE SWEET, RED ROSE.

By Joel Stacy.

"Good-morrow, little rose-bush,
Now prythee tell me true:
To be as sweet as a sweet, red rose
What must a body do?"

"To be as sweet as a sweet, red rose
A little girl like you
Just grows and grows and grows
and grows—
And that's what she must do."

STORIES FROM THE NORTHERN MYTHS.

By JAMES BALDWIN.

STORY THE FOURTH.*

HOW SIEGFRIED RETURNED TO ISENSTEIN.

SIEGFRIED staid but a twelvemonth in the Nibelungen Land. A feeling of unrest came over him again, and urged him on to seek new fields of danger and adventure. And he bade farewell to his Nibelungen vassals, who wept as his shining face departed from them. And he rode away through the dark pine-forests and over the bleak mountains, toward the Rhine country. Of whom he met, and of what he did, and through what lands he fared, I will not now stop to speak. But, at last, he reached Burgundy Land, where he became the honored guest of King Gunther, at his castle of Worms upon the Rhine.

Right glad was the Burgundian king to welcome the wandering hero to his castle; and,

although the winter season had not yet passed, a festival of rejoicing was held in Siegfried's honor. And the noblest warriors and the fairest ladies of Burgundy were there; and mirth and jollity ruled the day. In the midst of the festivities, an old man, of noble mien, and with snow-white beard and hair, came into the great hall, and sang for the gay company. And some whispered that he was Bragi, the sweet musician, who lives with the song-birds and beside the babbling brooks and the leaping waterfalls.

But he sang not of spring, as the sweet Bragi does, nor yet of youth, nor of beauty. His song was a sorrowful one,—of dying flowers and falling leaves and the wailing winds of autumn; of forgotten joys, of blasted hopes, of a crushed ambition; of gray hairs, of tottering footsteps, of old age, of a lonely grave. And, as he sang, all were moved to tears by the mournful melody and the sad, sad words. Then Siegfried said to him:

* The third story of this series appeared in ST. NICHOLAS for May.

"Good friend, thy music agrees not well with this time and place; for where nothing but mirth and joy are welcome, thou hast brought sorrowful thoughts and gloomy forebodings. Come now, undo the harm that thou hast done, and sing us a song which shall tell only of gladness and good cheer."

The old man shook his head, and answered: "Were I Bragi, as some think I am, or even a strolling harper, I might do as you ask. But I am neither, and I know no glad songs. I come as a herald from a far-off land; and I bear a message to King Gunther, of Burgundy Land, which, by his leave, I will now deliver."

"Let the herald-bard say on," said the king, graciously.

"Far over the tossing sea," said the herald, "many days' sail from Norway's coast, there lies a dreamy land called Isenland; and in its center stands a glorious castle with six and eighty towers built of purest marble, green as grass. Here lives the matchless Brunhild, the maiden of the spring-time and the fairest of all earth's daughters. Long ago, she was one of Odin's Valkyrien; and, with other heavenly maids, it was her duty to follow, unseen, in the wake of armies, and, when they engaged in battle, to hover over the field, and with kisses to waken the dead heroes and lead their souls away to Odin's glad banquet-hall. But, upon a day, Brunhild failed to do the bidding of Odin; and then the All-Father, in anger, sent her to live among men, and, like them, to be short-lived and subject to old age and death. But the childless old king of Isenland took pity on the friendless maiden, and called her his daughter, and made her his heir. This caused Odin's anger to grow still more bitter, and he sent the thorn of sleep to wound the princess. And lo! a wondrous change came over Isenland; sleep seized on every creature, and silence reigned in the halls of the marble palace. And Odin said: 'Thus shall they all sleep until the hero comes who will ride through fire, and awaken Brunhild with a kiss.'

"At last, after many years, the hero came. He passed the fiery barrier, safe; he woke the slumbering maiden; and all the castle sprang suddenly into life again. And Brunhild, once more, is known as the most glorious princess on the earth.

"But her beauty is not her only dowry; the greatness of her strength is even more wonderful, and a true warrior-queen she is. And she has sent heralds into every land to challenge every noble prince to match his skill with hers in three games of strength,—in casting the spear, in hurling the heavy stone, and in jumping.

The one who can equal her in these three feats she declares shall be King of Isenland, and share

with her the throne of Isenstein; for the old king, her foster-father, is dead. But every one who fails in the contest shall lose his head. Many have already risked their lives in this adventure, and all have fallen sacrifices to the odd whim of the warrior-queen.

"And now, King Gunther, the challenge is delivered to you. What answer shall I carry to the queen?"

Gunther answered, hastily:

"When the spring-time comes again, and the waters in the river are unlocked, I shall go to Isenland, and accept the challenge, and match my skill with that of the fair and mighty Brunhild."

Siegfried, when he heard these words, seemed to be uneasy, and he whispered to the king:

"Think twice, friend Gunther, ere you take any steps in this matter. You do not know the strength of this mighty, but lovely, warrior-maiden. Were your strength four times what it is, you could not hope to excel her in those feats. Give up this plan, I pray you. Think no more of such an undertaking, for it surely will cost you your life."

But these warnings only made Gunther the more determined, and he vowed that nothing should keep him back from the adventure. Then the dark-browed Hagen, Gunther's uncle and counselor, having overheard the whispered words, said:

"Our friend Siegfried seems to know much about Isenland and the fair Brunhild. And, indeed, if there is any truth in hearsay, he has had the best of means for learning. Now, if our good king Gunther has set his mind on going upon this dangerous voyage, mayhap Siegfried would be willing to bear him company?"

Gunther was pleased, and he said to Siegfried:

"My best of friends, go with me to Isenland and help me in this adventure. If we do well in our undertaking, ask of me any reward you wish, and I will give it you, as far as lies in my power."

"You know, most noble Gunther," answered Siegfried, "that, for myself, I have no fear; and yet, again, I would warn you to shun the unknown dangers with which this enterprise is fraught. But if, after all, your heart is set upon going, make ready to start as soon as the warm winds shall have melted the ice from the river. I promise to go with you."

The king grasped Siegfried's hand, and thanked him heartily. "We must build a fleet," said he. "A thousand warriors shall go with us, and we will land in Isenland with a retinue such as no other prince has led. A number of stanch sailing vessels shall be built at once, and, in the early spring, they shall be launched upon the Rhine."

Siegfried was amused at Gunther's earnestness, and he answered: "Make no thought of taking

such a following. You would waste twelve months in building and victualing such a fleet; you would take from Burgundy its only safeguard against foes from without; and when you should reach Isenland you would find such a force to be altogether useless. Take my advice: have one small vessel built and rigged and victualed for the long and dangerous voyage; and, when the time shall come, you and I and your faithful kinsmen, Hagen and Dankwart—we four only—will undertake the voyage and the bold emprise you have fixed upon.”

Gunther knew that Siegfried's judgment in this matter was better than his own, and he agreed to all the plans that Siegfried put forward.

When the winter months began to wane, many hands were busy, making ready for the voyage. King Gunther's sister, the peerless Kriemhild, called together thirty of her maidens, the most skillful seamstresses in Burgundy Land, and began the making of rich clothing for her brother and his friends. With her own fair hand she cut out garments from the rarest stuffs—the silky skins brought from the sunny lands of Lybia; the rich cloth of *Zazemang*, green as clover; the silk that traders bring from *Araby*, white as the drifted snow. For seven weeks, the clever maidens and their gentle mistress plied their busy needles, and twelve suits of wondrous beauty they made for each of the four heroes. And the princely garments were covered with fine needlework and with curious devices, all studded with rare and costly jewels, and all was wrought with threads of gold.

Many carpenters and sailors were busy with axes and hammers and flaming forges, working day and night to make ready a ship, new and stanch, to carry the adventurers over the sea. And great store of food and all things needful to their safety or comfort were brought together and put on board.

Neither were the heroes themselves idle. For, when not busy in giving directions to the workmen, or in overseeing the preparations that were elsewhere going on, they spent their time in polishing their armor, now long unused, in looking after their weapons, or in providing for the management of their business while away. And Siegfried forgot not his trusty sword *Balmung*, nor his cloak of darkness, the priceless *Tarnkappe*, which he had captured from the dwarf *Alberich* in the *Nibelungen Land*.

Then the twelve suits of garments, which fair fingers had wrought, were brought. And when the men tried them on, so perfect was the fit, so rare was every piece in richness and beauty, that the wearers were amazed, and all declared that such dazzling raiment had never before been seen.

At length, the spring had fairly vanquished all the forces of the cold North-land. The warm

breezes had melted the snow and ice and unlocked the river, and the time had come for Gunther and his comrades to embark. The little ship, well victualed, and made stanch and stout in every part, had been launched upon the Rhine, and she waited, with flying streamers and impatient sails, the coming of her crew. Down the sands at length they came, riding upon their noble steeds, and behind them followed a train of vassals bearing their kingly garments and their broad, gold-red shields. And on the banks stood all the noble lords and ladies of Worms—King Gunther's brothers, Gernot and the young *Giselher*, and the queen-mother *Ute*, and the peerless *Kriemhild*, and great numbers of warriors and fair dames and damsels. And the heroes bade farewell to their weeping friends, and went upon the waiting vessel, taking their steeds with them. And Siegfried seized an oar and pushed the bark off from the shore.

“I, myself, will be the steersman, for I know the way,” he said.

And the sails were unfurled to the brisk south wind, and the vessel sped on its way; and many fair eyes were filled with tears as they watched it, until it could be seen no more. And with sighs and gloomy forebodings the good people of Worms went back to their homes, and but few hoped ever again to see their king and his brave companions.

Driven by favorable winds, the trusty little vessel sailed gayly down the Rhine, and, ere many days had passed, it was out in the boundless sea. For a long time the heroes sailed and rowed, but they kept good cheer, and their hearts rose higher and higher, for each day they drew nearer the end of their voyage and, as they hoped, the successful termination of their undertaking. At length, they came in sight of a far-reaching coast and a lovely land; and a noble fortress, with high towers, stood not far from the shore.

“What land is that?” asked the king.

Siegfried answered that this was Isenland, and that the fortress which they saw was the castle of Isenstein and the green marble hall of the Princess *Brunhild*. But he warned his friends to be very wary when they should arrive at the hall.

“Let all tell this story,” said he; “say that Gunther is the king, and that I am his faithful vassal. The success of our undertaking depends on this.” And his three comrades promised to do as he advised.

As the vessel neared the shore, the whole castle seemed to be alive. From every tower and turret window, from every door and balcony, lords and ladies, soldiers and serving-men, looked out to see what strangers these were who came thus unheralded to Isenland. The heroes went on shore with their steeds, leaving the vessel moored to the bank;

and then they rode slowly up the beach and across the narrow plain, and came to the draw-bridge and the great gateway, where they paused.

The matchless Brunhild in her chamber had been told of the coming of the strangers, and she asked the maidens who stood around:

"Who, think you, are the unknown warriors who thus come boldly to Isenstein? What is their bearing? Do they seem to be worthy of our notice, or are they some straggling beggars who have lost their way?"

And one of the maidens answered:

"The first is a king, I know, from his noble mien and the respect which his followers pay him. But the second bears himself with a prouder grace and seems the noblest of them all. He reminds me much of the brave young Siegfried of former days. Indeed, it must be Siegfried, for he rides a steed with sun-beam mane, which can be none other than Greyfell. The third is a dark and gloomy man; he wears a frown upon his brow and his eyes shoot quick glances around; nervously he grasps his sword-hilt as if ready for surprise. I think his temper must be grim and fiery, and his heart a heart of flint. The fourth is young and fair and of gentle mien. Little business has he with rude warriors; and many tears, methinks, would be shed for him at home should harm overtake him. Never before has so noble a company come to Isenland. Their garments are of dazzling luster; their saddles are covered with jewels; their weapons are of unequaled brightness. Surely, they are worthy of your notice."

When Brunhild heard that Siegfried was one of the company, she was highly pleased, and she hastened to make ready to meet them in the great audience hall. And she sent ten worthy lords to open the gate and to welcome the four heroes to Isenstein.

When Siegfried and his comrades passed through the great gateway and came into the castle yard, their horses were led away to the stables, and their clanging armor and broad shields and swords were placed in the castle armory. Little heed was paid to Hagen's surly complaints at thus having every means of defense taken away. He was told that such had always been the rule at Isenstein, and that he, like others, must submit.

After a short delay, the heroes were shown into the great hall where the matchless Brunhild already was awaiting them. Clad in richest raiment, from every fold of which rare jewels gleamed, and wearing a coronet of pearls and gold, the warrior-maiden sat upon the dais. Five hundred warriors, the bravest in Isenland, stood around her with drawn swords and fierce, determined looks. Surely men of mettle less heroic than that of the four

knights from Rhineland would have quaked with fear in such a presence. King Gunther and his comrades went forward to salute the queen. With a winning smile, she kindly greeted them, and said to Siegfried:

"Gladly do we welcome you back to Isenland, friend Siegfried. We have ever remembered you as our best friend. May we ask what is your will, and who are these warriors whom you bring with you?"

"Most noble queen," answered he, "right thankful am I that you have not forgotten me, and that you should deign to notice me while in the presence of this, my liege lord," and he pointed toward King Gunther. "The king of all Burgundy Land, whose humble vassal I am, has heard the challenge you have sent throughout the world, and he has come to match his strength and skill with yours."

"Does he know the conditions of the trial?" asked Brunhild.

"He does," answered Siegfried. "In case of success, a queen, and the throne of Isenstein; in case of failure, death."

"Just so," said Brunhild. "Yet scores of worthy princes have made trial, and all have failed. I warn your liege lord to pause and weigh well the chances ere he runs so great a risk!"

Then Gunther stepped forward and spoke:

"The chances, fairest queen, have all been weighed, and nothing can change our mind. Make your own terms, arrange everything as pleases you best; we accept the challenge, and ask to make trial of our strength."

The maiden, without more words, bade her vassals help her to make ready at once for the contest. She donned a coat of mail, brought long ago from the far-off Lybian shores, an armor which it was said, no sword could dint and upon which the heaviest stroke of spear fell harmless. Her helmet was edged with golden lace, and sparkled all over with precious jewels. Her lance, of wondrous length, was brought, a heavy weight for three stout men. Her shield was as broad and as bright as the sun, and three spans thick with steel and gold.

While the princess was thus arming herself, the heroes looked on with amazement and fear. But Siegfried, unnoticed, hastened quietly out of the hall and through the castle gate, and sped like the wind to their ship, which was moored to the shore. There, he arrayed himself in the Tarnkappe, and then, silent and unseen, he ran back to his friends in the great hall.

"Be of good cheer!" he whispered in the ears of the trembling Gunther.

The king could not see who it was that spoke

to him,—so well was Siegfried hidden by the cloak of darkness. Yet he knew that it must be Siegfried, and he felt greatly encouraged.

Hagen's frowning face grew darker, and the uneasy glances which shot from beneath his shaggy eyebrows were not those of fear, but of anger and anxiety. Dankwart gave up all as lost, and loudly bewailed their folly.

"Must we, unarmed, stand still and see our liege lord slain for a woman's whim?" he cried. "Had we only our good swords, we might defy this queen and all her Isenland!"

Brunhild overheard his words. Scornfully, she called to her vassals: "Bring to these boasting knights their armor, and let them have their keen-edged swords. Brunhild has no fear of such men, whether they be armed or unarmed."

When Hagen and Dankwart felt their limbs again enclosed in steel, and when they held their trusty swords in hand, their uneasiness vanished and hope returned.

In the castle yard a space was cleared; and Brunhild's five hundred warriors stood around as umpires. The unseen Siegfried kept close by Gunther's side.

"Fear not," he said. "Do my bidding, and you are safe. Let me take your shield. When the time comes, make you the movements, and trust me to do the work."

Then Brunhild hurled her spear at Gunther's shield. The mighty weapon sped through the air with the swiftness of lightning, and when it struck the shield, both Gunther and the unseen Siegfried fell to the ground, borne down by its weight and the force with which the spear had been thrown. Sad would have been their fate if the friendly Tarnkappe had not hidden Siegfried from sight and given him the strength of twelve giants. Quickly they rose, and Gunther seemed to pick up the heavy shaft. But it was really Siegfried who raised it from the ground. For one moment, he poised the great beam in the air, and then, turning the blunt end foremost, he sent it flying back more swiftly than it had come. It struck the huge shield which Brunhild held before her, with a sound that echoed to the farthest cliffs of Isenland. The warrior-maiden was dashed to the earth; but, rising at once, she cried:

"That was a noble blow, Sir Gunther! I confess myself fairly outdone. But there are two chances yet, and you will do well if you equal me in them. We will now try hurling the stone and jumping."

Twelve men came forward, carrying a huge rough stone, in weight a ton or more. And Brunhild raised this mass of rock in her white arms and held it high above her head; then she swung it

backward once, and threw it a dozen fathoms across the castle yard. Scarcely had it reached the ground, when the mighty maiden leaped after, and landed just beside it. And the thousand lookers-on shouted in admiration. But old Hagen bit his unshorn lip and cursed the day that had brought them to Isenland.

Gunther and the unseen Siegfried, not at all disheartened, picked up the heavy stone which was half buried in the ground, and lifting it with seeming ease, threw it swiftly forward. Not twelve, but twenty fathoms it flew; and Siegfried, snatching up Gunther in his arms, leaped after, and landed close to the castle wall. And Brunhild believed that Gunther alone had done these great feats, through his own strength and skill, and she at once acknowledged herself beaten in the games; and she bade her vassals do homage to Gunther as their rightful lord and king.

The unseen Siegfried ran quickly back to the little ship, and hastily doffed the magic Tarnkappe. Then, in his own proper person, he returned to the castle, and leisurely entered the castle yard. When he met his pleased comrades and the vanquished maiden-queen, he asked in careless tones when the games would begin. All who heard his question laughed, and Brunhild said:

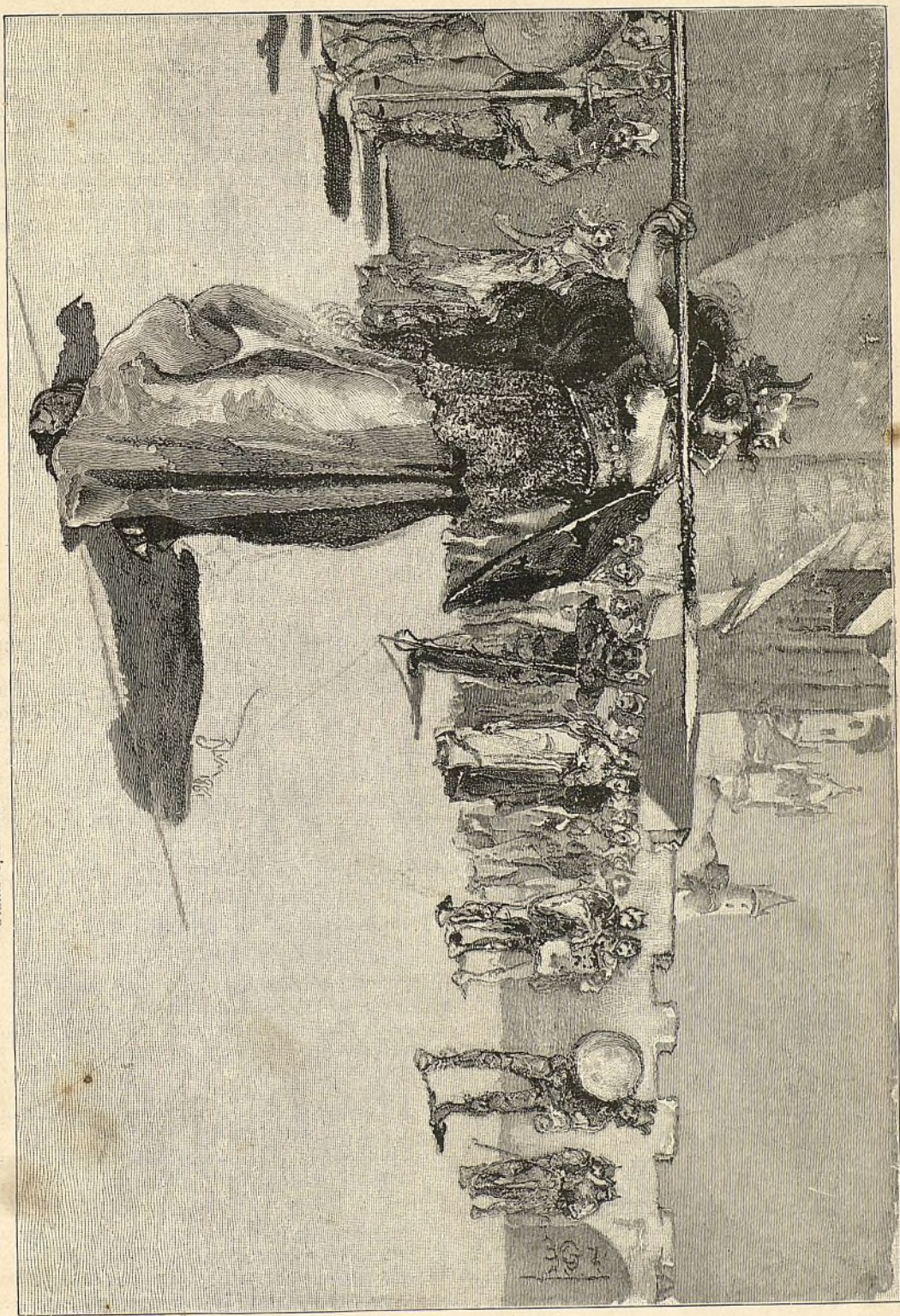
"Surely, Sir Siegfried, the old sleep-thorn of Isenstein has been holding you in your ship. The games are over, and your lord, King Gunther, is the winner."

At this, Siegfried seemed much delighted—as, indeed, he was. And all went together to the great banquet-hall, where a rich feast was served to the Rhineland heroes and to the brave knights of Isenland.

Here the jarl's story ended. The children would have been glad to hear more, but they knew that it would be useless to ask. After a short pause, Rollo ventured to say:

"But you have not yet told us what became of the treasure that was buried in the cave. I should really like to know if it still lies hidden there; for if that be so, I mean, as soon as I am a man and have a ship of my own, to go and get it."

"The treasure is not in the cavern," answered the jarl, willing to satisfy the lad's curiosity. "As the dwarf Andvari had foretold, it proved to be the bane of all who claimed its ownership, and of Siegfried among the rest. Gunther and his three hero comrades soon returned to Rhineland, and Brunhild went with them as Gunther's wife. But Hagen grew jealous of Siegfried's influence over the king, and he longed to seize, for himself, the Nibe-



BRUNHILD, THE WARRIOR-QUEEN, HURLS HER SPEAR AT GUNTHER'S SHIELD.

lungen hoard. And so, one day, while hunting in the forest, he treacherously slew the noble prince. The great Nibelungen hoard was then taken to Rhineland, and Hagen caused it to be thrown into the deepest part of the Rhine river, and no man nor elf has ever been able to recover it."

Jarl Ronvald's fair wife Gudrun, who until now had been a silent listener, here looked up and said:

"The story of Siegfried reminds me, somewhat, of the old, old story of Balder, which you all have

heard so often and yet seem to be never tired of listening to, over and over again."

"Tell it to us again, mother!" cried her children, eagerly.

The good lady readily agreed to repeat the old story, which had been heard at that fireside every Yule-tide eve for many years. And when the servants had brought fresh fuel and thrown it upon the fire, and when the flames roared loudly up the chimney, and the old hall was brightly lighted even to the farthest corner, she began.

(To be continued.)



THE SONG OF THE SWING.

BY MRS. CAROLINE M. HARRIS.

CLIMB into my lap, little girl, little girl,
Since you wistfully-gazing stand;
Climb into my lap of gray old pine,—
Lay hold of my hempen hand.

A wonderful trip, little girl, little girl,
We will take in a wonderful way,
From the wonderful earth toward the wonderful skies
On this wonderful summer's day.

Softly, and slowly, at first, we'll stir,
As the shy, wild creatures pass,
Scarce bending the tops of the clover blooms,
Or moving the feathery grass.

Then up—up—up—where the blossom-clouds
Shut close 'round the robin's nest.
Peep quick! Can you see the deep blue eggs
She hides 'neath her soft, warm breast?

Now you can tell why the bobolink
When from meadow-grass he springs,
Carols with joy as he feels the air
Pass under his outspread wings!

Ah, down—down—down—with a sinking
swoop
That makes your heart stand still!
Look up—at the arching apple-boughs!
And out—at the distant hill!



It may be, the trout with the self-same sigh
Drops down to the depths of the pool,
Leaving the sun-bright ripples above
For the shadows safe and cool.

A bird or a fish or a butterfly,
Or a bee in a bed of thyme—
You shall know all their joys, little girl, little girl,
If into my lap you 'll climb!

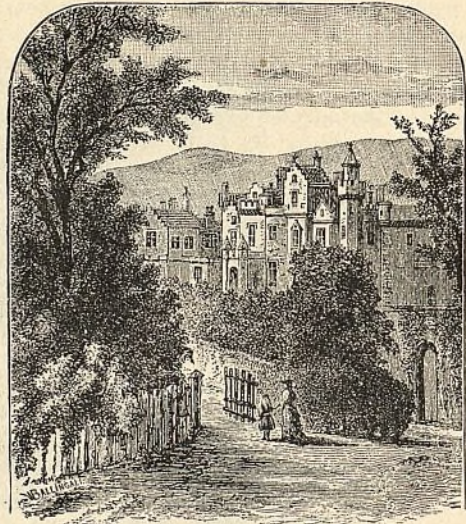
A VISIT TO THE HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY MRS. P. L. COLLINS.

PROBABLY many of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS, who are also readers of Sir Walter Scott's famous romances, would like to hear of a visit which I made a few years ago to the home of that great writer. As some of you may know, it is a fine and lordly mansion, surrounded by a beautiful country, and situated on a bank of the river Tweed, near Melrose Abbey, some thirty miles south-east of Edinburgh, Scotland.

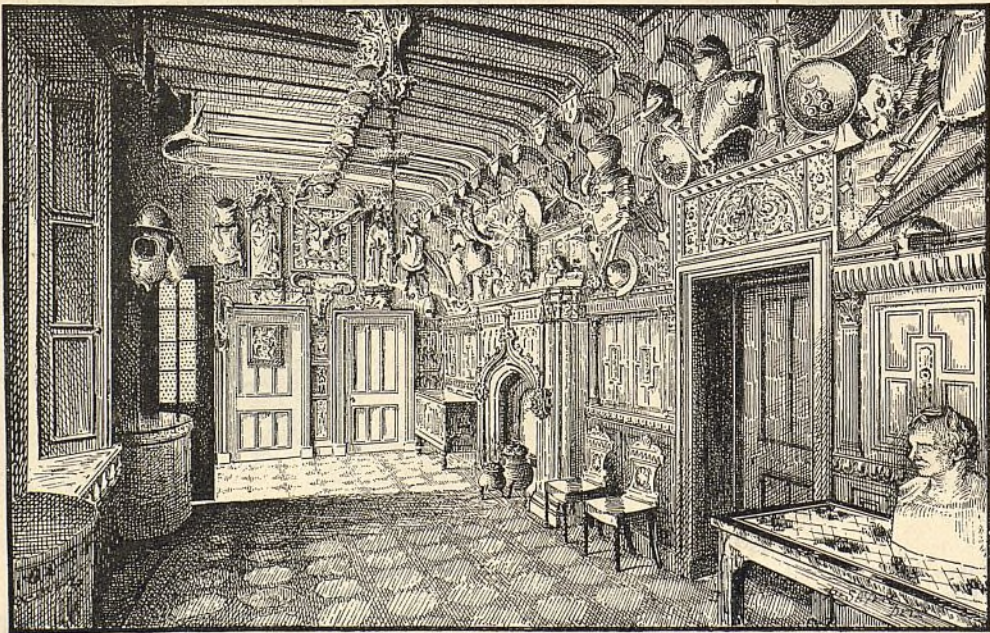
Leaving the cars at Melrose, from which it is three miles distant, I drove the remainder of the way in an open carriage. Hedges of hawthorn skirted the fields that sloped away as far as the eye could reach; flocks of sheep dotted them occasionally; then a bit of grove; and everywhere was the glory of a beautiful day, meet for a pilgrimage to such a place.

I entered by the east-front between a hedge-row and the ivy-covered wall. This view of the mansion is one of the prettiest. The many towers, fantastic gables and airy turrets are seen to excellent advantage. The entire estate was formerly a part of the property of the Abbots of Melrose, and the name was taken from the nearest ford on the Tweed. Sir Walter once said that he would make



ONE OF THE GATES OF ABBOTSFORD.

Abbotsford "a poem in stone and mortar," and right well did he succeed. It is as beautiful as a fairy palace and as grand as an old feudal castle,

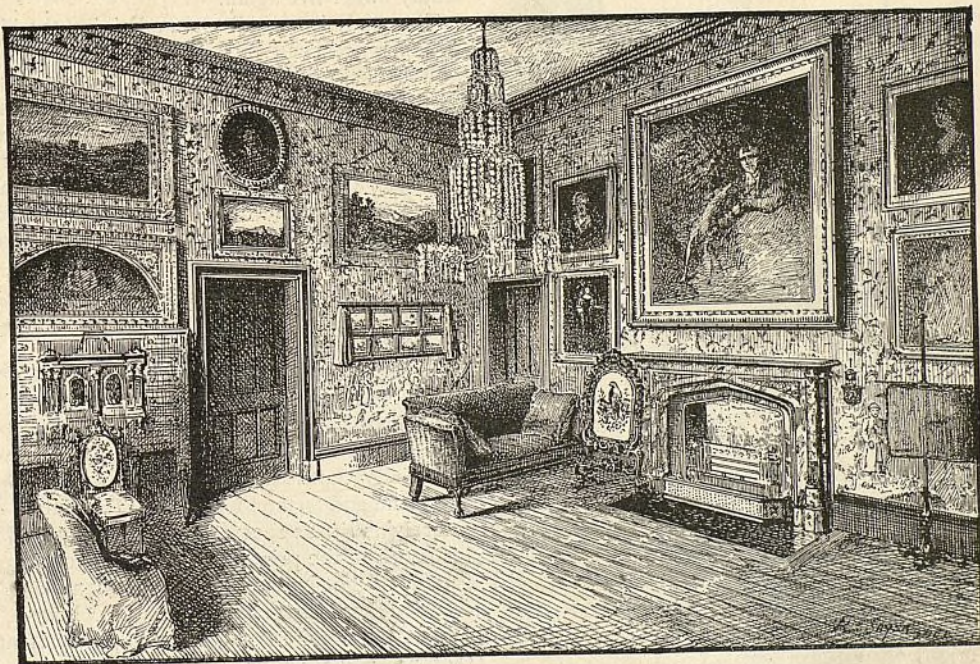


THE ENTRANCE-HALL.—"ALONG THE WALL ARE MANY SUITS OF OLD ARMOR."

and history and romance are literally woven into its walls; for they contain sculptured stones from the famous Tolbooth prison, the burgh of Selkirk, Linlithgow Castle and many other places, each embodying a story of its own.

I was compelled to wait some time for admittance as the place is now open to visitors only two days in the week, and on those days there is always a throng. I recorded my name in the visitors' book and waited patiently for the rare pleasure in store. But when my turn came, it was a great trial to be hurried by the guide through the different apart-

Seringapatam, when that Hindoo city was besieged and captured by the English in 1799. On one side, in a niche formed by a window, is a glass case containing the last suit of clothes worn by Sir Walter. Hanging on the wall at the extreme end near the left door are the keys of the old Tolbooth prison. There are also relics in this entrance-hall of James VI., and Claverhouse, the "Bonny Dundee" of Scottish prose and poetry. Only two windows light the hall and they are so obscured by coats of arms that the interior has been spoken of as being "as dark as the twelfth century." I leave my



THE DRAWING-ROOM AT ABBOTSFORD.

ments as he ran over at railroad speed the history of each.

The entrance hall is forty feet in length. Its lofty ceiling of oak, fashioned into a series of arches, is exquisitely carved; the walls which are also of oak, from Dunfermline Abbey, are richly decorated in the same manner. The floor is made of black and white marble from the Hebrides. Along the walls are many suits of old armor, the most noticeable being an English suit of the time of Henry V., and an Italian one of more recent date; above them are the coats of arms of the ancient border clans, conspicuous among these being the arms of Douglas and the Royal Lion of Scotland. There are also helmets, rapiers and claymores in great variety, as well as Polish lances, and a suit of chain mail taken from the corpse of one of the royal body-guard of Tippoo Sahib, ruler of

young friends who study history to decide how dark that is. Standing in one of the corners, but not visible in the picture, is an American ax that was much prized by Sir Walter as the gift of Washington Irving. Many of you have doubtless read Irving's description of his stay at Abbotsford. It is a fine tribute to the host who entertained him so royally. The farewell at the gate was "I will not say good-bye, but come again." Irving tells us that he was so impressed while there with the fact that Sir Walter, notwithstanding the miracles of work he did, quite concealed his work from his friends and always seemed to have an abundance of leisure. He contrived to appear ever at the command of his guests, ready to participate in every excursion and continually devising new plans for their enjoyment.

The drawing-room contains an admirable collection of portraits. Above the mantel is that of Sir Walter himself with one of his ever faithful



SIR WALTER SCOTT—COPY OF A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

dogs near him. On one side of this hangs the portrait of his mother, and on the other, that of Lady Scott, and near it, that of his warm friend the Duchess of Buccleugh. The oval frame above the door contains the portrait of Lady Hope-Scott, the great-granddaughter and only surviving descendant of Sir Walter, and the present owner of Abbotsford. Among the other portraits are those of the beautiful Lucy Walters, mother of the Duke of Monmouth, and the old ancestor, the stubborn great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott, who would never let his beard be cut after the execution of Charles I. Beside these, there is a collection of views in water-colors, eight in number, by the celebrated English painter, Turner, presented by the artist himself. And not least in importance, a souvenir of that most unfortunate woman, Mary, Queen of Scots,—a head painted the day after her execution by one Amias Cawood; ghastly, repul-

sive, robbed of all its grace and loveliness. It is said to have been sent to Sir Walter by a Prussian nobleman in whose family it had been for more than two hundred years.

The floor of the room is bare, but is waxed and polished until it is almost as slippery as ice. Not even a rug dots the cold expanse, so that despite the artistic display upon the walls with their silken hangings, rare china and cabinets, and the rich furniture, there seems to American eyes to be something lacking; perhaps a home-like warmth which might be diffused could the great and kindly owner live again.

The study is a small room adjoining the library. A gallery reached by a hanging stair, and filled with books, runs around it. In the center stands Sir Walter's chair and desk just as he last left them. At this desk he wrote most of the Waverley Novels, and after his death were found in it, neatly arranged, a number of small articles which had belonged to his mother when he was a sick child and shared her room, and which he had been accustomed to seeing upon her table. They were placed so that his eyes could rest upon them while he worked, as if he would borrow inspiration from the holiest recollections of his childhood.

In the earlier part of the century, Scott's poetry was very popular, but he suddenly found himself eclipsed by a new favorite—Lord Byron. It was then that he began to write his novels, which so entirely captivated the English reading world, that fame and fortune followed. The public could scarcely await the sheets as they were hurried from his hands to the printer's press. His company was eagerly sought by the highest in the land, and even crowned heads were glad to do him honor. Yet amidst all this he retained a simplicity of nature that no adulation or flattery could spoil. It is related that, upon one of his numerous excursions into a remote part of the country in the search for old folk-lore, a humble farmer with whom he stopped, knowing his fame, expected to be dazzled by his grand air. But after seeing and talking with him, the peasant exclaimed delightedly: "He's a chiel like oursels!"

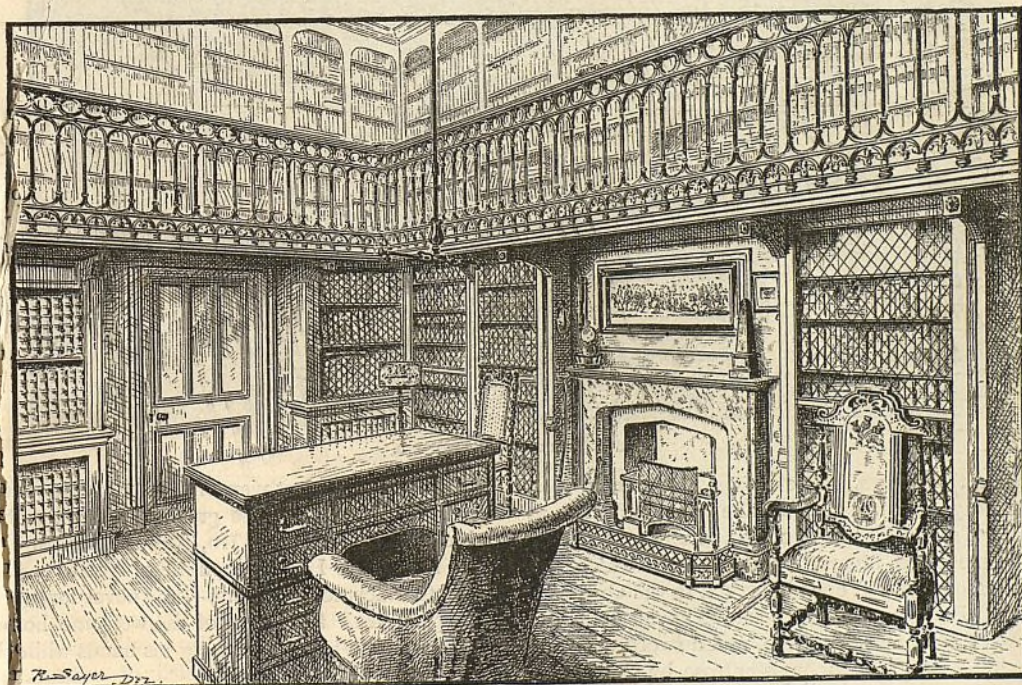
While making these rural tours, instead of taking notes for future use, Sir Walter would simply cut notches upon sticks as reminders. He often filled not only his own pockets but those of his traveling companions with these notches of wood, so that it was once laughingly declared that on their return to Abbotsford "every timber was discharged from our various cargoes to build a ship." The genuine sweetness, the healthy tone of Sir Walter's character, which never changed, I can not help attributing in a great measure to his home

fondness for out-door life. He was wont to say that he only taught his boys two things,—to ride and to shoot, leaving the rest to the mother and their tutors.

He invariably rose early, and often accomplished before breakfast an almost incredible amount of work. While he sat at his desk, one or more of his dogs always lay at his feet, and were apparently as glad as he was, when the morning task was over and they could accompany him on his ride or stroll. His horse never waited to be led out, but as soon as he was saddled and the stable-door opened, trotted around to be mounted. Once upon the death of a favorite dog, Sir Walter asked to be excused from an engagement to dine, as he had "lost a dear friend." In after years, when his fortunes suffered such cruel disasters, he declared that "Nimrod," one of his pets, was "too good for a poor man to keep."

The library is considered the handsomest of all the apartments. It is fifty feet in length by thirty in breadth, and has an immense bay-window that affords a charming glimpse of the Tweed. The

on the wall, is the portrait of Sir Walter's eldest son, who was colonel of the Fifteenth Hussars. He went out to Madras in 1839, and was a very popular and efficient officer; but he soon fell a victim to the fatal climate of India and died on the return voyage to England, whither he had been ordered on account of his health. Here, too, is the bust of Sir Walter at the age of forty-nine, by Chantrey. There are chairs exquisitely wrought, from the Borghese Palace at Rome, the gift of the Pope; a silver urn upon a stand of porphyry, from Lord Byron; and an ebony cabinet and set of chairs presented by King George IV. In a glass case, shielded from the touch of profane fingers are the purse of Rob Roy; the brooch of his wife; a notebook in green and gold, once the property of Napoleon I.; and a gold snuff-box, also given by King George IV. When this royal friend was Regent, he invited Scott to dine with him in London, addressing him familiarly as "Walter," and showering upon him evidences of his esteem; when he succeeded to the throne, one of the first acts of the kingly prerogative was to create him a baronet.



THE STUDY AT ABBOTSFORD, SHOWING SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DESK AND CHAIR.

ing is carved after designs from Melrose Abbey. There are twenty thousand volumes here and in the study. The book-cases were made under Sir Walter's direction by his own workmen. Some of them contain rare and curious old books and MSS. that are carefully guarded under lock and key. Here,

The fascinating history of the adventures of Rob Roy would tell us conclusively, even if Sir Walter himself had not frankly avowed it, that he had a rather trifling regard for his heroes proper, and "an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of borderers, buccaneers, Highland robbers, and all

others of a Robin Hood description." I confess, for my own part, that I looked long and curiously upon the brooch that belonged to Rob Roy's wife. But as I leaned over the case, I was thinking more of the wife than of the dauntless outlaw; of the woman who reproached her husband upon his deathbed for exhibiting some signs of contrition for past misdeeds, exhorting him to die as he had lived, "like a man." Rob Roy's portrait hangs in the study. And yet another trace of him is found in the armory; his gun with the initials R. M. C. (Robert Macgregor Campbell) cut around the lock.

The armory contains a wonderful array of the weapons of various nations and ages, and disposed

his agony. This is the last of the "show-rooms"; visitors are not allowed elsewhere in the mansion.

As I went out, an almost oppressive silence brooded over the house and grounds, and I pondered upon the story of Sir Walter's struggle for this lordly, ideal home, and the painful buffetings of fortune which he endured afterward. I thought of the joy and beauty of his earlier years, of his triumph and his fame, and then of the sad day when he came back to Abbotsford from a foreign tour, which he had undertaken in the vain hope that it would restore his health. When, on that day, he caught sight first of the Eildon Hills, and soon after of the towers of Abbotsford, his emotion was pro-

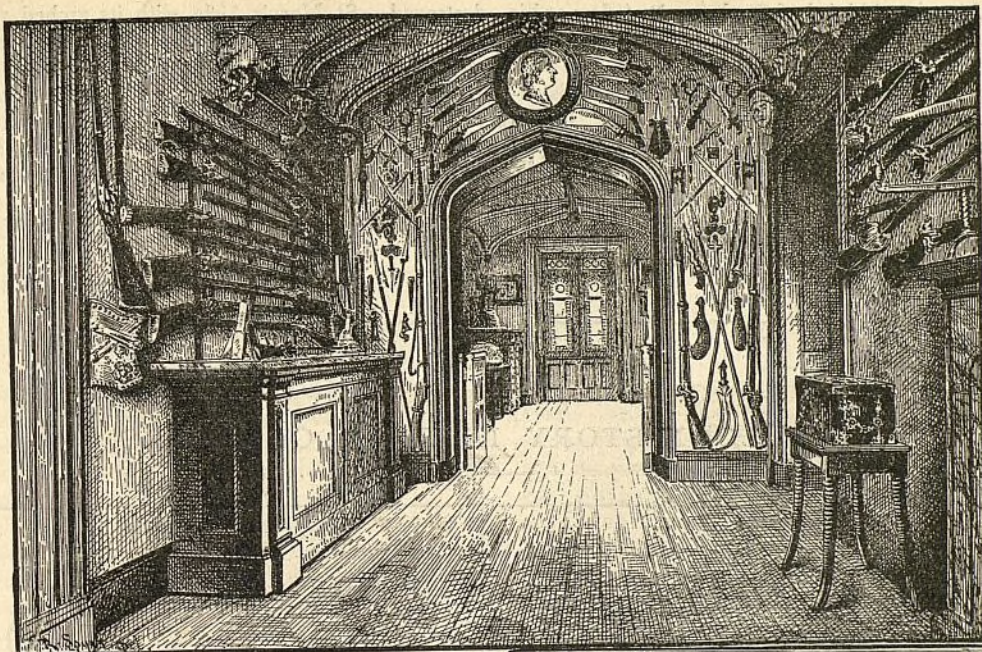


THE LIBRARY AT ABBOTSFORD.

among the spears, battle-axes, darts, arrows, etc., are many relics not of a warlike character, such as Oliver Cromwell's spurs and the hunting-bottle of "bonnie King James;" and the cross which you can see on the wall once belonged to the Queen of Scots. Bonaparte's pistols, said to have been found in his carriage at Waterloo, and a sword superbly mounted, bestowed upon Montrose by Charles I., also belong to this unique collection. I wish I might say no more here, except to mention the bulls' and stags' horns over the doorway, but there is a secret as dark as Blue Beard's. In a corner, almost, but not quite, hidden from view are some of the old Scottish instruments of torture called "thumbkins," and an iron crown which was so adjusted that the victim could not even cry out in

found. It was his last view of them from the outer world. How touching the greeting to his humble and cherished friend: "Ho, Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often I have thought of you!" And those other devoted followers,—the never forgotten dogs, gave their full share of the welcome home, "fawning upon him and licking his hands while he smiled or sobbed over them."

Not long afterward, and just before his death, he said to his son-in-law, "Lockhart, be a good man, my dear,—for when you come to lie here, nothing else will be of any avail." Surely, in those last hours, if the panorama of his own years passed in review before him, it included no scenes for which he need feel repentance. The record of a singularly pure child-life was continued



THE ARMORY AT ABBOTSFORD.

without a blemish. One of his early teachers tells us that it happened only once, while he had charge of him, that he thought it necessary to punish him, and even then the intention was quickly put to flight by the sobbing boy's clasping him about the neck and kissing him.

His literary taste and precocity were very remarkable. When only six years of age, a friend of the family, entering unceremoniously, found him reading the story of a shipwreck, in verse, to his mother. He was quivering with excitement, and his voice rose and fell in sympathy with the sentiment, till his hearers looked in wonder and almost in awe upon their little interpreter of the storm. Having finished, he tossed the book aside carelessly, and said quietly, "That is too melancholy; I had better read something more amusing." On another occasion, while still an occupant of the nursery, he heard a servant-girl begin the recital of a rather blood-curdling ghost-story to one of her companions, and he was very eager to listen to it. Knowing, however, that if he did so he would become frightened and sleepless, he tucked the bed-clothes about his ears, and heroically refused to hear the fascinating narrative.

But I do not wish you to think that, as a boy, Sir Walter was altogether perfect. He was probably much indulged, owing to his lameness and his delicate health; certainly, we never hear that his mother objected to his Shetland pony following him



DRYBURGH ABBEY—THE BURIAL-PLACE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

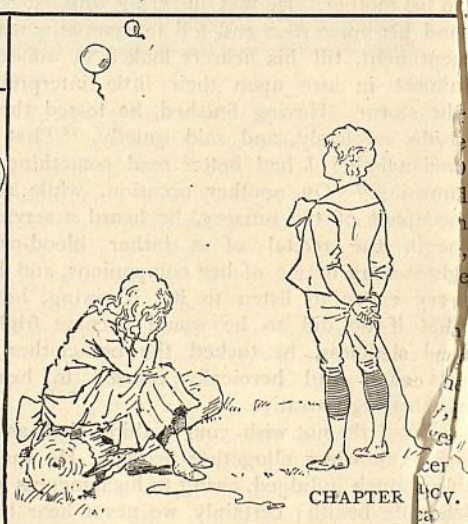
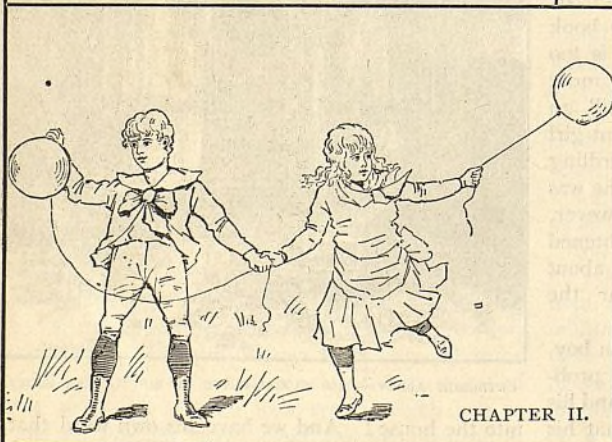
into the house! And we have his own word that, when a starling that he had partly tamed was

killed by the old laird of Raeburn, he "flew at his throat like a wild cat, and could only be torn from him with difficulty."

Dryburgh Abbey, where Sir Walter's body is entombed, is four miles from Abbotsford. It was founded in the eleventh century, but was destroyed in the fourteenth by Edward II. It was restored by Robert I., and in the changes of centuries again

destroyed. St. Mary's Aisle, with its arched roof and clustering columns, is the most beautiful fragment now remaining. Within its shadow lie Sir Walter Scott, his wife, eldest son, and Lockhart, whom he loved so much, and who made such an admirable and complete chronicle of his life, and which should be read by every lover of the great Prince of Romancers.

A BALLOON STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.



THE MYSTERIOUS BARREL.

BY PAUL FORT.

"CAPTAIN JOHN," said I, "did n't you tell me that you sometimes brought wild animals in your ship on your return voyages from South America?"

Captain John had just put a couple of fresh sticks on the fire, and had re-arranged the other logs, and he now leaned back in his chair, rubbing his hands before the comfortable blaze. He was a fine, hearty man, of about middle age, and for many years had been a sea-captain, commanding sailing vessels trading between the United States and various ports in the West Indies and South America.

"Oh, yes," said he, "I often used to bring up animals. They were generally small ones, of various kinds, and I brought them on my own account. I could easily sell them to menageries and museums in our home ports. I brought one of the first electric eels that was ever carried to New York. I got it in Para, Brazil, and I bought it of some Indians for twelve milreis—about six dollars of our money. We had lots of trouble with this fellow, for these eels live in fresh water, and, if we had not had plenty of rain on the voyage, we could n't have kept him alive, for the water he was in had to be changed every day. We kept him on deck in a water-barrel, which lay on its side in its chocks, with a square hole cut through the staves on the upper side to give the creature light and air. When we changed the water, a couple of sailors took hold of the barrel and turned it partly over, while another held a straw broom against the hole to keep the eel from coming out. We would always know when the water had nearly run out, for then the eel lay against the lower staves, and even the wood of the barrel would be so charged with electricity that the sailors could hardly hold on to the ends of the barrel. They'd let go with one hand and take hold with the other, and then they'd let go with that and change again. At first, I did n't believe that the fellows felt the eel's shocks in this way; but, when I took hold myself one day, I found they were n't shamming at all. Then we turned the barrel back and filled it up with fresh water, and started the eel off for another day.

"Before we began to empty the barrel, we always took a chain-hook and felt about in the water to see if he was alive. A chain-hook is a longish piece of iron, with a handle at one end and a hook at the other, and is used for handling heavy chains.

When we were scooping around in the water with this hook and touched the eel, we would always know whether he was alive or not, for, if he was all right, he would immediately charge the iron with electricity, and the fellow that held it would know quick enough that the eel was alive. We took this trouble because we did not want to waste fresh water on him if he had died in the night.

"He got along first-rate, and kept well and hearty through the whole of the voyage. When we reached New York we anchored at Quarantine, and the health-officer came aboard. I knew him very well, and I said to him: 'Doctor, I've got something aboard that perhaps you never saw before.' 'What's that?' said he. 'An electric eel,' said I. 'Good!' said he; 'that is something I've always wanted to see. I want to know just what kind of a shock they can give.' 'All right,' said I; 'you can easily find out for yourself. He is in this water-barrel here, and the water has just been put in fresh, so you can see him. All you have got to do is just to wait till he swims up near the surface, and then you can scoop him out with your hand. You need n't be afraid of his biting you.' The doctor said he was n't afraid of that. He rolled up his sleeve, and, as soon as he got a chance, he took the eel by the middle and lifted it out of the water. It was n't a very large one, only about eighteen inches long, but pretty stout. The moment he lifted it he dropped it, grabbed his right shoulder with his left hand, and looked aloft. 'What is the matter?' said I. 'Why, I thought something fell on me from the rigging,' said he. 'I was sure my arm was broken. I never had such a blow in my life.' 'It was only the eel,' said I. 'Now you know what kind of a shock he can give.'

"On that same voyage we had a monkey, one of a rather uncommon kind. He was what they call a woolly monkey, and was covered all over with short wool, like a sheep. He was the smartest monkey I ever knew. He was up to all kinds of tricks. We did n't keep him caged, but let him run around as he pleased about the ship and in the rigging. For some reason or other, he used to hate the cook. Every day, when the cook was getting the dinner ready, when he had set out the bread and the cold meats, the monkey would hide somewhere and watch him, pretending to be asleep. The moment the cook started to go out of the cabin, Jacko would come in at the door behind him (we always left the door at each end open in hot weather

for the sake of the draught), and, springing on the table, would seize a piece of meat, or a cracker, or anything else that was handy, slip past the cook, and get out of the other door before the angry cook could catch him. Then he would bounce up into the rigging, and wait till the cook came out."

"And sit there, I suppose," said I, "and eat the food he had stolen?"

"Not a bit of it," answered the captain. "The minute the cook showed his head, Jacko would hit him on the top of the pate with whatever he had taken—bread, meat, knife, fork, or spoon. It was no use for the cook to get mad; he could never catch that monkey."

"There was one thing that always excited Jacko's curiosity, and that was our changing the water every day in the eel's barrel. There were eight water-barrels standing there in a row, and why three men should go every day, and empty the water out of one, and pour more in, and never touch the other barrels, was more than the monkey could understand. He used to sit on the main-boom and watch the whole operation, just as full of

view of this mysterious and perplexing business than had ever been vouchsafed him before.

"When we went away, Jacko staid there, and, happening to be standing where I could see him, I noticed that he was running around the water-barrel, and trying his best to see what was in it. Then, as he had seen us trying to fish up something with a chain-hook, he thought he would try to fish up the same thing, whatever it was, himself. So he jumped up on the barrel, and, leaning over, ran his right arm down into the water, and began to scoop around and around, just as he had seen us do with the chain-hook. Pretty soon he felt the thing he was after, and grabbed it tight.

"But that monkey never saw that eel. The moment he clutched it he let go, gave one wild, backward leap, and fell on the floor with a dull thud. I went up to him, and found him laid out as if he were dead. I picked him up by the back of the neck, but he hung as limp as a wet dish-rag. The cook came along just then, and I said to him:

"'Cook, Jacko is dead. He has found out what is in that barrel, and the eel has killed him.'

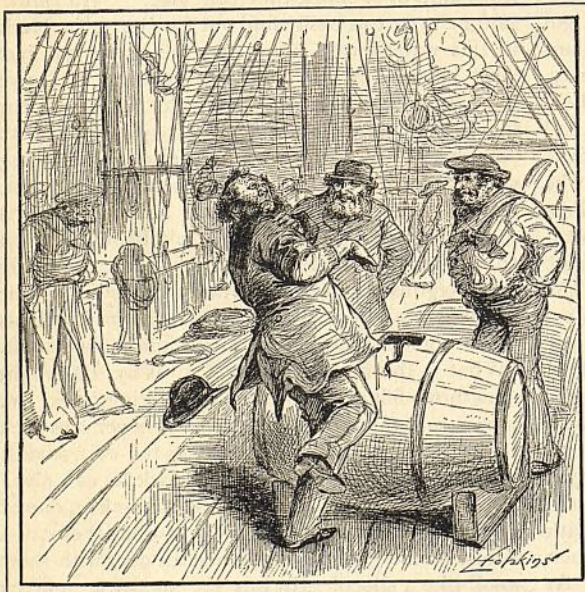
"I laid him on the pork-barrel, and was just saying something about his having such an eternal amount of curiosity, when Jacko jumped to his feet, gave a bounce out of the store-room, and in a minute was up in the main cross-trees, chattering and screaming as if he had gone mad. After he had been knocked over by the shock, he had made believe to be dead, fearing that whatever had hit him would hit him again. He often used to play 'possum in this way when he was afraid of anybody; but I thought he was really dead this time.

"After that, he never came around us when we were at work at the eel's water-barrel. He did not want to know what was in it.

"I sold that eel for seventy-five dollars to a menagerie man in New York State. And I sold the monkey too; but I have often wished I had him again, for he was the smartest monkey I ever saw."

"Did you ever carry any really dangerous animals, Captain John?" said I.

"Well," said he, "once, when I was in Para, I bought a snake, a boa-constrictor, seventeen feet long. I got him of four Indians, who caught him some twenty-five or thirty miles up the river. They brought him into town in a strong covered crate, or basket, which they carried on two poles. When I bought him I had him carried into my old consignee's yard, and I got a stout packing-box, and had it all double-nailed, and holes bored in the sides to give him air. Then the Indians put the



THE HEALTH-OFFICER INVESTIGATES THE MYSTERIOUS BARREL.

curiosity as he could stick. But he never could see anything in the barrel.

"One day, I thought there was going to be bad weather, and, as I was afraid it might be too cold for the eel on deck, I had his barrel moved to the store-room, where it would be well sheltered. This move made the monkey still more curious; and the first time we changed the water after the eel got into his new quarters, the monkey sat on the head of a pork-barrel close by, and had a better

snake in the box, and we nailed him up tight, leaving him in a snug corner for the night.

"The next morning, I went around early to the market (the markets there are open only about



HE GAVE ONE WILD, BACKWARD LEAP.

sunrise) to buy something for my snake to eat, for the Indians said he was nearly starved. I got a couple of little animals, something like our rabbits (for these snakes won't touch any food that is n't alive), and I carried them around to my consignee's house. I found the old gentleman had n't turned out of his hammock yet; but he soon got up, and went with me into the yard. When we got there, we saw the packing-box all burst open, the boards lying around loose, and no snake to be seen. We looked about, but could see nothing of him. I was amazed enough, to be sure, and the old gentleman felt quite uneasy at the thought of such a creature wandering about his place.

"'We won't look for him,' he said. 'Those Indians are still in town, and we will send for them to catch him.'

"The Indians came, and they soon found him.

You can't imagine where he had hidden himself. There was a pile of earthen drain-pipes in one corner of the yard, behind some bushes, and he had crawled into one of these short pipes, and then turned and crawled into the one next to it, and then into the next one, and so on, in and out, until he had put himself into five or six of the pipes. He had probably seen, through the holes in his box, some of my old consignee's chickens, and, being made perfectly ravenous by the sight, had broken out. Then, having made a meal of one or two of them, he had crawled into the pipes.

"The Indians were not long in capturing him. Fortunately, his head stuck out of one of the pipes near the ground; and one of the Indians, taking a long pole with a fork at the end, climbed on a high fence near by, and soon pinned Mr. Snake's head to the ground, leaning on the pole with all his weight. Then the other Indians straightened out the drain-pipes in which he was, and began to draw them off him, pulling them down toward his tail, and first exposing the portion of his body nearest his head. Then they took a long, strong pole, and, with bands of the tough grass which grows in that country, tied his body to the pole close to his head. Then they bound him again, about eighteen inches farther down. Slowly drawing down the pipes, they tied him again to the pole, about eighteen inches below, and so on until his whole length was fastened firmly to the pole. Thus he was held secure until the box was nailed up again, and I had sent for a blacksmith to put iron bands around it, so that it should be strong enough to hold any snake. Then the creature's tail was loosened and put through a hole in the top of the box. Then another band was cut, and the snake pushed still farther in. Then, one after another, every fastening was cut, and the snake pushed gradually into the box, until, his head being loosened and clapped in, a board was fastened over the hole, and he was snug and tight and ready for his voyage."

"Did you have any trouble with him when you were taking him to the North?" I asked.

But just then the supper-bell rang, and the captain arose to his feet. It was of no use to expect Captain John to go on with a story when supper was ready.



IN THE HARVEST-FIELD.

HOW A HOOSIER BOY SAW THE TOWER OF PISA.

BY A. H. FRETAGEOT.

DURING a tour of several months in Europe, I arrived in the ancient city of Pisa at eleven o'clock on a lovely summer night. Being of course very eager to see the famous Leaning Tower, I resolved, as the moon was shining brightly, not to wait for daylight, but to visit the Tower before retiring. On my asking the proprietor of the hotel to tell me the way to the Leaning Tower, he became greatly excited, and exclaimed: "It is impossible to go to-night!" I laughed at his fears, and told him nothing was impossible to an American boy. He still hesitated, but finally came out reluctantly into the middle of the street and pointed out the course I was to take.

Off I started, full of the self-confident fearlessness of impetuous youth. Before turning the corner, I looked back and saw the old man still standing and gazing after me. I felt sorry for him, thinking his fears for my safety were groundless.

For a few squares the street was wide, and the full light of the moon cheered me onward; but soon my way was not to be so clear.

Coming suddenly to the end of the wide street, I found myself by the side of the ruins of an old cathedral. The irregular walls covered with ivy, the light of the moon shining through the ruined gothic

windows, and showing the decayed and mossy interior, gave to the scene a solemn grandeur that filled me with awe. Just in front of the cathedral was the river Arno, a narrow stream, and the water low within its banks. Mine host's directions to me had been to go "straight onward" from the old cathedral. But how was the river to be crossed? There were no bridges in sight. Walking around the corner of the old edifice and up the bank of the Arno, I presently saw the outline of a boat close to the shore, and as I drew nearer, I not only found the boat, but discovered the owner thereof lying flat on his back, with his arms thrown over his head.

The light of the moon, shining on his face, gave it rather a ghastly expression, and for a moment I paused; but, with a laugh at my fears, I stepped into the boat and kicked one of his feet so as to waken him. This unceremonious treatment roused him quickly enough, and he sprang up and glared at me fiercely. Not being an expert in the Italian language, I went through a series of pantomimes, which he finally understood to mean that I wanted him to take me across the river. Whereupon, seizing a long pole, he pushed his craft out into the sluggish stream. As we reached the middle, it occurred

to me that here would be a fine opportunity for my ferryman to collect whatever fare he wished. Accordingly, I courteously declined his invitation to enter the cabin, as I much preferred standing where I could see all around me and watch his movements. However, I had no trouble with my sleepy boatman, and our craft soon reached the opposite side of the river. Walking up the bank I found, to my dismay, that I was in quite a different kind of a city from that I had left. The streets were so narrow that, extending my arms, I could touch the buildings on both sides as I walked, and the houses were very high and overhanging, almost shutting out the moonlight. After proceeding for several squares in hopes of finding a more inviting street, but without success, I gave up the search as vain, and started down one of these dismal alleys. The miserable little streets were not only narrow and very uneven, but destitute of pavements. After stumbling

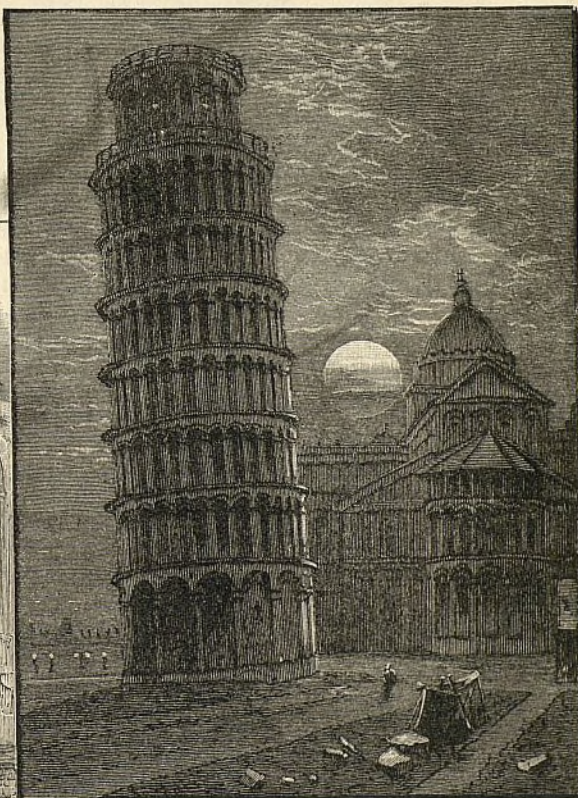
found open. It was now two o'clock in the morning, and the intense stillness was oppressive. Not a sound of any kind excepting my footsteps; not a human being to be seen, nor a light in any of the buildings.

After a long, tedious tramp, I saw what appeared to be a fire a long way ahead of me, but shortly discovered that it was merely the light of the moon shining across an open space. Pushing on rapidly, I came to the end of the street, and there, to my delight, I saw directly in front of me the Grand Plaza of Pisa, with the massive Cathedral and the Baptistery and the beautiful Leaning Tower



CAMPO SANTO.

along for an hour, I at last found myself facing a wall at the end of the street, and I must confess to feeling a little nervous. Retracing my steps to the first cross-street, I walked along it a short distance, and turned into another street which I



THE LEANING TOWER AND THE CATHEDRAL.

standing close together and gleaming in the moonlight!

After pausing a few moments to enjoy this first grand vision of the Tower, I turned toward a pair of beautiful ornamental iron gates which attracted my attention. But when I went up to them and looked through, the sight was not one calculated to add to my cheerfulness, for I found myself facing the great Campo Santo, or burying-ground of Pisa. The bright light of the moon on the marble monuments and tombs, the weird

shadows of the porches, the perfect stillness of the night, inspired me with a strange feeling of awe. Leaving this solemn place, I walked over to the grand old Cathedral and the Baptistery near the Leaning Tower. From that point the Tower was distinctly outlined, and the sight of its eight stories and the columns of pure white marble, glittering in the moonlight, amply repaid me for my tedious walk.

Advancing to the base of the Tower, I went inside and looked up. The bell-ropes touched the sides near the top and hung down close to the wall. I think that a man looking up from the bottom of a deep well would have a very good idea of the appearance of the Tower as seen within from the base, especially if the well happened to be quite off the perpendicular.

I began to climb leisurely to the top, but I could not prevent myself from edging toward the center as I walked around on the leaning side. It seemed to me that my weight alone would cause the whole structure to topple over.

This wonderful Tower is about thirty feet in diameter at its base, and is one hundred and forty-six feet high.

If any one of my boy-readers should climb the one hundred and ninety-four steps to the top without feeling inclined to hold on to the higher side and tread very lightly on the lower side, he would have steadier nerves than the "Hoosier" boy who climbed the Tower that night. The stairs are worn by the tramp of millions of feet, for the curiosity of people since the year 1174 has led myriads of them to climb the steps of this remarkable edifice, to reach the place where Galileo was wont to go to study the heavens.

There are in the belfry six large bells, which are still used. The largest one is said to weigh six tons, and is hung on the side opposite the overhanging wall, perhaps to aid in balancing the Tower, which is twelve feet out of the perpendicular. I believe that it is still unsettled whether its oblique position is the result of accident or design.

The foundation is in a low, wet place and, it is claimed, shows signs of having sunk many feet farther into the earth on one side than the other. The top story also leans back perceptibly from the lower side, as if built to counteract the sinking of the foundation.

After resting awhile at the top of the Tower, I descended and walked over to the Baptistery. Its magnificent bronze doors, so celebrated as works of art, could be seen to advantage that night only on the side on which the moonlight fell.

Close by the Baptistery stands the solemn, ancient Cathedral, finished in the same style of architecture as the Tower. It was the swinging of the ancient bronze chandelier in this cathedral that suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum, and thus originated the method of marking time which is used in some clocks.

I had almost decided to remain on the Plaza, and in the vicinity of these three justly celebrated objects,—the Tower, the Baptistery, and the Cathedral,—until morning; but I had now become very tired, and the desire for rest and refreshments decided me to make an effort to find my hotel. I must confess that this seemed to me a greater task than finding the Tower. I was in the situation of the Indian who could not find his wigwam—he was not lost, but the wigwam was. I was not lost, for I knew where I was, but it was my hotel that was to be found.

Off I started, however, to the end of the Plaza opposite to that I had entered, and here I found a wide, beautiful street, and proceeding along it for half an hour, I came to a handsome bridge over the Arno. Upon this bridge I paused to take my bearings, and presently descried the dim outlines of my old friend, the ruined Cathedral. Following the street along the river for a few squares, and turning the corner by the Cathedral, I came once more to the street on which stood the hotel, which I finally reached in safety just at daylight, and received a hearty welcome and many congratulations from the old landlord.





A GOOD TIME ON THE BEACH.

GOING TO THE FAIR.

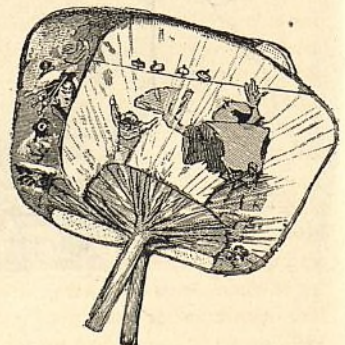
BY MARGARET JOHNSON.



THE birds are singing,
The bells are ringing,
There's music in all the air, heigh-ho!
As all together,
In golden weather,
We merrily go to the fair, heigh-ho!

We have no money
For ribands bonny,
Our clothes are the worse for wear,
heigh-ho!
But little it matters,
In silk or in tatters,
We merrily go to the fair, heigh-ho!

Come, lads and lasses,
The time it passes;
Step out with a royal air, heigh-ho!
As all together,
In golden weather,
We merrily go to the fair, heigh-ho!



THE CLOISTER OF THE SEVEN GATES.

WITH THE STORY OF HOW PAUL AND HIS SISTERS SAW THE WHITE VILA OF THE FOUNTAIN.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

[Author of the "Land of Nod" and "Comedies for Children."]

THREE children were swinging and swaying upon the bending branches of a stout Vistula cherry-tree—clinging and swinging and swaying there with shouts and laughter, in the same jolly way that you and I have swung, many a time, from the overhanging limbs of some springy willow or fragrant apple-tree in our own American meadows. But these noisy swingers were not Americans. They were the children of an old race and of a far-off day. Strong-limbed, fair-haired, blue-eyed Paul and his two sisters, Rosa and Mira, were children of Servia, natives of that slightly known but most interesting section of Eastern Europe whose plains and passes and wooded hillslopes have echoed the war-cries of Roman and Byzantine, of Barbarian and Turkish conquerors from distant ages until now. Take your atlas and turn to the map of Turkey in Europe, follow the winding course of the "beautiful blue Danube" until you reach Belgrade, and there, stretching to the east and south, ribbed with mountain-ranges and crossed by several rivers, is the old kingdom of Servia, the country where, on a verdant hill-slope, near to the ancient city of Karanovatz, on a bright June morning away back in the year 1389, Paul and his two sisters were swinging merrily on the lower branches of their favorite cherry-tree, or, as they called it, their *vishnia*. As thus they swung, they could catch glimpses now and then, across the dark green fir-tops, of the tall, gray towers of the royal palace of King Lazarus, from which floated the imperial banner of the double eagle, and of the ivy-covered walls of the old monastery of Siczi, "the Cloister of the Seven Gates." And well they knew, simple children though they were, the stirring stories of Servian valor and of Servia's greatness. Often had they heard, both at the meetings of the grave elders, and from gray old Ivan the bard, as he sang to the music of the rude guitar, or *gusle*, how the palace was built in the early days of the kings; how from it had marched to victory the royal Stephen, the mighty Tzar, whose flag had floated over many a battle-field, until the power of Servia was acknowledged from the white walls of Belgrade to the azure waters of the Grecian Seas; how, in the holy cloister of Siczi, each new king of the line of Stephen had been crowned with the "diadem of Dushan," and, sword in hand, had issued from the cloister as

king of Servia, through a new door cut for his special exit in the ivy-covered wall; and how, now, seven gates for seven kings had thus been cut, and the noble Lazarus ruled as the seventh king of Servia in his palace at Karanovatz. All this they knew, for they were Servian children—proud of the old tales and legends told at the fireside, and dearly loving the green hills and fertile valleys of Servia, and, best of all, the waving forests that circled and shadowed their own Servian home.

And, as they swung, now high, now low, they played at their game of king and queen, singing the song known to every boy and girl of Servia. It was thus that Paul sang to Rosa:

"The king from the queen an answer craves:
How shall we now employ our slaves?"

And Rosa answered:

"The maidens in fine embroidery,
The widows to spin flax-yarn for me,
And the men to dig in the fields for me."

Then Paul sang to Mira:

"The king from the queen an answer craves:
How shall we, lady, feed our slaves?"

And Mira replied:

"The maidens shall have the honey-comb sweet,
The widows shall feed on the finest wheat,
And the men of maize-meal bread shall eat."

But just as they were about to sing the next verse, in which the king asks:

"Where for the night shall rest our slaves?"

they heard a shout and a rustle, and Mira's pretty, dappled fawnkin, Lado, all timid and trembling, came flying for safety up to the children; and almost before Mira and Rosa could calm the frightened creature, and Paul, snatching up a stout cherry-branch, could stand on guard, a swooping falcon darted down at poor Lado's head. The girls screamed, and shook their silken jackets at the fierce bird; but Paul, swinging his cherry-stick, struck the bird on its sleek gray neck, and stretched it, a dead falcon, at his feet.

"O Paul, Paul! O Lado, Lado!" cried both the girls in mingled joy and fear, as they stroked their rescued pet and trembled for Paul's safety; for he had killed, perhaps, one of the royal falcons.

They were not kept long in suspense, for there came galloping up to them, mounted on a swift Wallachian pony, a stout-built youth of some sixteen years, richly dressed, his long, yellow hair streaming out from under his scarlet cap.

"O Paul, run! Run, dear Paul!" moaned Rosa. "It is the young *bau*!"

Then Paul knew that he had killed the falcon of the young prince, or *bau*, Stephen, the son of King Lazarus. But he stood his ground. "I will not run," he said.

The prince looked at the group, saw the trembling Lado, saw the dead falcon, saw Paul's stout cherry-stick, and, leaping from his pony, he rushed at the boy, white with rage.

"Thou dog!" he said, striking at Paul with his unstrung bow. "How dar'st thou kill my falcon?"

Paul answered as bravely as will any boy of spirit who has justice on his side and the weak under his protection.

"Strike me not, O Prince!" he said. "I sought not to kill thy falcon, but to drive him off, lest he should tear and blind our fawn."

"Thou wolf! thou pig! thou dog!" screamed the prince, still furious at his loss; and flinging aside his bow, he grasped his yataghan, or short scimitar, to cut the boy down. Rosa and Mira threw their arms around Paul, but he shook them off, parried the prince's stroke with his stick, and, grasping his arm, said: "Take care what you do, my prince. My grandfather is Nicholas, an imperial officer. 'T will go hard, even with thee, shouldst thou harm or kill me."

"The *vilas* of the forest and the *vilas* of the mountain choke and smother thy grandfather!" said the enraged prince, and he would have struck at Paul again, but just then there came a clatter of horses' hoofs and a gleam of shining armor, and through the trees at full gallop came the prince's uncle, Milosh Obilitch, the chief captain, or *voivode*, of King Lazarus of Servia, followed by three mounted spearmen. A look of displeasure came into his face as he caught sight of the prince's angry countenance and Paul's defensive attitude.

"Come here, my prince," he said, sharply; "why dost thou loiter there? Even now thy father, the Tzar, is on the march to Kosovo, and waits but for his son."

"I would be even with this vampire though the Turkish Tzar himself was at our palace gates," said the prince, wrathfully, and then he told his side of the story.

"But his falcon would have killed our fawn, O mighty *bau*," said Rosa—"our fawn, Lado, dear to us as life."

The *voivode* Milosh laughed a mighty laugh.

"Now, by the fist of the Cloud-gatherer," he swore in roughest Servian, "*bau* I may be, and trusted soldier of the Tzar, but I am no judge of man or child. Come, we waste words. Get you to horse, my prince. A gallop through Kushaja will cool your hot young head. Fawns and falcons must wait, for 'When the Tzar rides, all business bides.'"

The prince stood in great awe of his mighty uncle. He therefore obeyed his command, though in rebellious silence, and mounted his pony with angry reluctance.

"As for you, little ones," said the *voivode*, "you, too, must wait for justice with fawns and falcons. Here, Dessimir," he said, turning to one of his spearmen, "take these children to the cloister. Greet the abbot Brankovicz for me, and bid him give these little ones safe keeping till I return, God willing, from Kosovo. Then shall the king decide on the right of this affair, for surely I will not. Now, gallop, my prince! To the Turk, to the Turk!"

There is nothing more unlovely and unforgiving than a sulky boy balked of his revenge. The Prince Stephen followed his uncle as commanded, but there were black looks on his face and blacker thoughts in his heart. As for Paul, he was overjoyed at this fortunate end of an unlucky quarrel. He knew the kindly old abbot Brankovicz, and felt that he and his sisters would be safer within the protecting walls of the great cloister than even in the strongest inner chamber of their grandfather Nicholas' house, now shorn of all its men for service against the Turkish invaders. So he took his sisters by the hand, and, following the spearman Dessimir, they walked rapidly toward the gates of the old monastery, while Paul sang softly to himself, as he looked at the giant form of the *voivode* Milosh, who galloped far in advance, a popular Servian song:

"Swaggering surely is no sin,
Fair I face the battle's din,
Laughed old Peter Doitchin,
The burly *bau* of Varadin."

The good abbot Brankovicz, who was the superior or head of the cloister, at once understood the children's case, and readily took them under his protection; but, before they had passed within the outer gate, Paul's eyes rested upon a sight that fired his boyish heart with the chiefest of boyish ambitions—the wish to be a soldier. For there, along the white road that passed through fields of growing maize and under arching forest-trees, the main body of the army of Servia wound over the mountains toward the rocky ridge that overlooked the field of thrushes—the fatal field

of Kosovo. The fair June sunlight flashed on the fast vanishing array of steel-capped casques and bristling spears, and, just before the cloister gates, it touched with a glorious gleam the golden corselet of King Lazarus himself, as, with his guards and seigneurs, he rode in the vanguard of his army. Tall, commanding, and gentle-featured, he glanced backward but once to the gray towers of the palace of his queen, and but once to the ivy-grown walls of the Cloister of the Seven Gates, from which in brighter days he had issued as Servia's acknowledged king. The shadow of his dream seemed resting upon him—that dream in which, 't is said, the Lord offered him the kingdom of Servia or the kingdom of Heaven—an earthly or a heavenly realm; and the gentle Tzar made the better choice, for he said:

“What, then, is the earthly worth?
It is but a day,
It passeth away,
And the glory of earth full soon is o'er;
But the glory of God is more and more.”

And so, pointing with his “massy mace of gold” toward his advancing army, he bent his head to the priestly benediction as he passed the cloister gates, and, preceded by the gallant young Bocko Yougovitch, bearing the great purple standard of the cross, with his son, the sulky Prince Stephen, riding at his bridle-hand, with nobles in golden corselets and gleaming helmets following after, with stout spearmen, and lusty curtal-axmen, and trusty archers closing the glittering cavalcade, up the steep of the Scardus, and on toward the distant mountain-passes through the fair June weather rode Lazarus, the last of the Servian kings to fight for his fatherland against the hosts of the Turkish invaders.

Paul gave a great sigh as the cloister gates shut the inspiring sight from his boyish eyes.

“O that I were a man and a soldier!” he said.

“Would to St. Sava that you were, little brother!” said the patriotic old abbot. “Servia needs every hand and every heart to guard the crown and save the cross from infidel robbers.”

But childish desires quickly change, as childish hearts quickly open to each new joy, and, through the few days that followed, Paul found no lack of incident to blur the memory of shield and helm and brighten the joys of living pleasures. For the good monks of the monastery, too engrossed in prayers for Servia's safety and in anxious and weary waiting for tidings from the battle to look after three harmless children, suffered them to roam at will, unquestioned and unchecked. So Paul and Rosa and Mira, merry-hearted, and thinking little of a danger still distant, roamed

alike through cloister and “holy forest.” Paul could recall many of the stories and legends that hovered about the old walls—legends of the saints it shrined and stories of the mighty Tzar who had honored and decorated it. These he could tell, with many boyish embellishments, to his wondering and adoring sisters. Together they knelt before the scarlet altar, or looked with curious awe at the dusty memorials of dead kings or the relics of Servia's saints; together they stood before each of the seven gates in the cloister wall, rehearsing the stories of the kings, while Paul, crowned with maple-leaves and roses, and bearing a white wand of peeled maple, stood in turn under the shadow of each royal gate personating each of the seven kings, while Rosa and Mira wheeled and whirled before him in the fleet figures of the *kolo*, the favorite dance of Servia. When tired of the sunny cloister and the chapel walls, they would wander through the forest paths that, to them, led to fairy-land.

No people in Europe is so greatly given to romance and superstition as are the Servians. But it is an airy and fanciful superstition, full of fairies and angels and lucky signs or unlucky omens. And Paul and his sisters were devoted believers in all the delicious mysteries of their home-land. To them every tree, and stream, and grassy mound had its attendant sprite—its fairy guardian, or *vila*, as they called it; witches and vampires sought to entrap heedless or wicked children, but would quickly disappear at the sound of a little prayer or at the sign of the holy cross. So they roamed and romanced through the monastery woodlands, seeing fairy forms in every waving bush, and weaving innocent fairy fancies around each sunny grotto and shady nook. But their favorite resort was the old moss-grown fountain close to the cloister walls. Here they would sit for hours under the shade of the mountain maples, watching the bubbling waters and speculating about the Lady of the Fountain—the White Vila of whom they had so often heard in the songs of old Ivan the bard—the White Vila who haunted the holy fountain, and appeared only when Servia's glory or Servia's distress called her forth.

On the fifth day of their stay in the monastery, the fifteenth of June, 1389, the children came from the cloister woods, where they had been playing at the Fire-festival, Servia's great June festival of St. John. It was a lovely afternoon, and they were wrapped in mystery and fancy, and therefore happy. For Paul had declared that, as he watched while the girls waved their tiny torches, he had thrice seen the sun stand still, as it was said to do on St. John's feast, in honor of that worthy saint. The girls, of course, devoutly believed it too, and

now the three approached their favorite maple-tree, singing softly the Servian harvest song:

"Take hold of your reeds, youths and maidens, and see
Who the kissers and kissed of the reapers shall be;
Take hold of your reeds, till the secret be told,
If the old shall kiss young, and the young shall kiss old."

But the song died upon their lips as Rosa, suddenly clutching Paul's arm, pointed to the moss-grown fountain, and whispered:

"Oh, Paul! Paul! see there!"

Paul looked as directed, and there, under their favorite maple, he saw a white-robed female figure, standing motionless. Her hands were clasped, her eyes were turned toward that part of the cloister where the last of the seven gates, the gate of King Lazarus, pierced the ivy wall.

"Rosa! Mira!" he exclaimed, under his breath, "'t is she! 't is she—the White Vila!"

The figure raised its clasped hands toward the cloister walls. "O holy Elias! O saintly Maria! saintly Sava!" it said, "guard thou the Tzar Lazarus; save thou the golden crown of Servia from the infidel Turk!"

Now restrained by childish timidity, now drawn on by childish curiosity, Paul and his sisters gradually approached the apparition. Then Paul's curiosity, as is often the case, got the better of his caution. Stretching far forward to hear the Vila's words, he tripped and fell forward. At the sound the figure turned quickly. A beautiful but sorrow-filled face looked upon the children, and a tear-laden voice asked: "And who are you, O little ones, here in the cloister gardens?"

Rosa and Mira drew back in fear, but Paul answered stoutly enough, though a trifle shakily: "The grandchildren of the good Nicholas, so please you," he said; and then added: "We are here, under safeguard of the holy abbot, for killing the falcon of the young *bau*, Stephen."

"The falcon of Stephen killed!" said the white figure. "Oh, cruel omen!"

"But it would have killed our fawn, O White One!" said trembling Rosa—"our fawn Lado, and Paul struck it down."

"And we wait here till the king's return," said Paul.

"The king's return?" sadly echoed the White One. "Ah, little brother, they who wait longest wait safest."

"But will the king not return?" Paul asked, for the first time feeling that perhaps all the gleam and glitter of that soldierly array might go down in disaster.

"Who shall say?" the figure replied. "This morning, when the dawn was dim, two black ravens, flying from Kosovo, perched upon the palace of the Tzar, and thrice they croaked and thrice they called."

And Paul, full of Servia's legends and omens, said sadly:

"When ravens croak and falcons fall,
Low hangs the black cloud over all."

"The falcon has fallen, the ravens have croaked, the black cloud hangs low over the Seven Gates. See!" said the White One, and she pointed where, across the cloister wall, the heavy shadows lay across the gateways of the kings.

"But, can you not save Servia, O lady White Vila?" Paul asked, appealingly. "Old Ivan the bard has sung that the White Vila of the Fountain stands Servia's friend in Servia's need."

But, before an answer could be made, the cloister gates swung open with a sudden clang, and straight to the holy fountain dashed a black courser, flecked with foam, while on his back swayed a wounded rider—the courier of the Tzar.

"O Milontine!" cried the white lady, rushing toward him. "The Tzar, the Tzar?"

The courier dropped from his saddle and kissed the lady's robe.

"O true-eyed Queen," he said, "the sun of Servia is down; dead is the great Lazarus!"

"Ah, woe is me!" she said; "the ravens, the falcon, and the black cloud did show but the truth!"

And as her fair head drooped in grief, Paul knew that the White Vila of the Fountain was "the sweet-eyed Melitza," the widowed queen of Servia.

"And my boy Stephen? How died the young *bau*, Milontine?" she asked, raising her head.

The courier hesitated. "Hear the end, O Queen!" he said, and then he told in few but weary words the whole sad tale. He told how gallantly Servia's army met the foe; how bravely young Bocko guarded the purple standard of the cross; how her brother, the *voivode* Milosh, cut his way through twelve thousand Turkish soldiers to where King Lazarus stood at bay, and fought the Turkish sultan himself; how, when they were overpowered by numbers, Milosh and the king still fought until vanquished, and how even in his death-struggle the *voivode's* blade had cut down the sultan too; how the new sultan, Bajazet, in his tent, slew the great Lazarus; and, last of all, how Stephen—her son, the young *bau*, the hope of Servia—had early in the battle deserted to the enemy, told the Turks the secret of Servia's array and the weakest spot in her battle-line, and now, in the tent of the Turkish sultan, saluted him as master and lord.

Calm in face and feature, the queen waited till the last; but when the story of her son's treachery was told, she started to her feet.

"O sacred house!" she said, turning to the monastery walls, "O Cloister of the Seven Gates!"

from out whose holy doors have issued Serbia's kings, at whose sacred altar the holy christening drops fell on my baby Stephen's head, fall now and cover Serbia's wretched queen!"

"And doubt ye, doubt ye, the tale I tell?
Ask of the dead, for the dead know well;
Let them answer ye, each from his mouldy bed,
For there is no falsehood among the dead;
And there be twelve thousand dead men know
Who betray'd the Tzar at Kosovo."

So, under the ivy-covered walls of the Cloister of the Seven Gates, swooned the sweet queen of Serbia; so, on the fatal field of Kosovo, fell the noble Lazarus, the last of Serbia's kings; so a traitor son betrayed a kingly father; so Lado the fawn lost the crown of Serbia.

And now, why have I told this story of Serbia's sorrow, this tale of a far-off time, and of a land so little known to the boys and girls of to-day—this tale, half fact, half fable, as I have gathered it from the mist of romance that obscures the history of a fair land and of a gallant race?

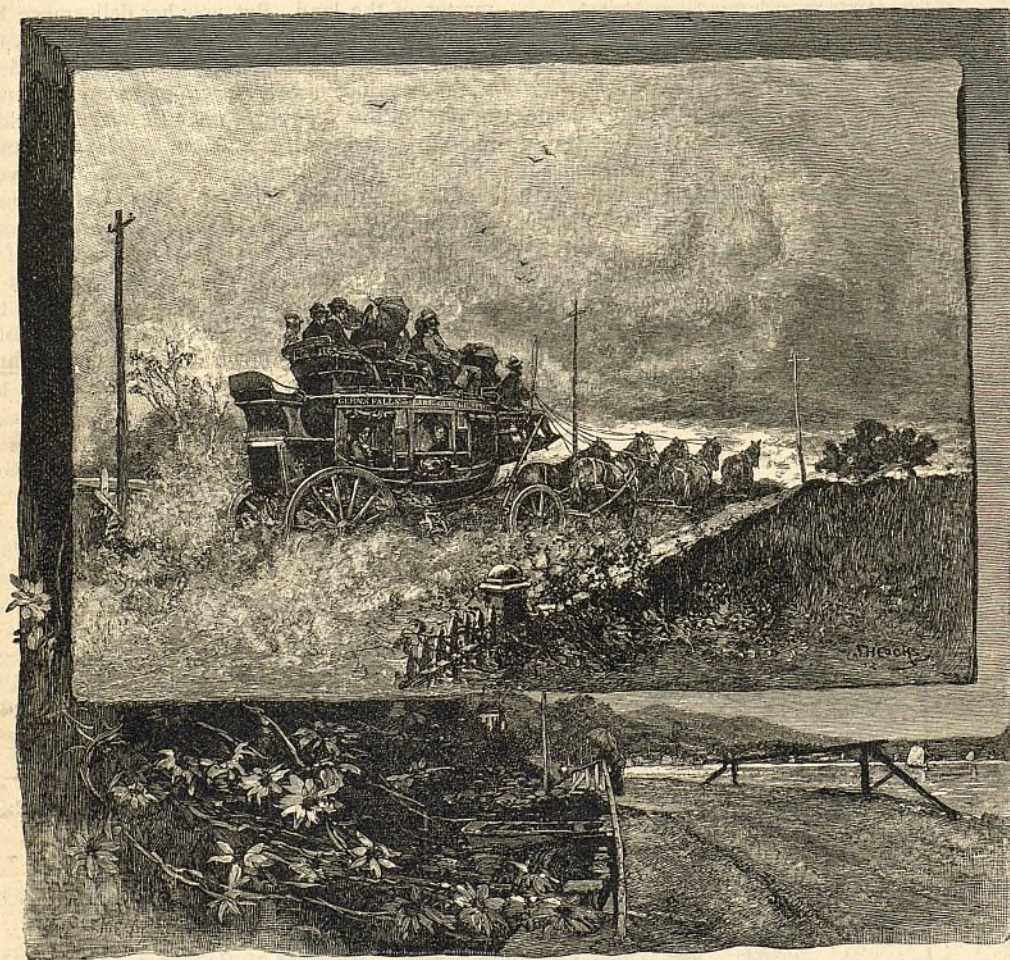
Five hundred years have passed since the fatal day of Kosovo, five centuries since the last of Serbia's kings fell, fighting bravely in her defense. Through all these years, with only now and then a gleam of light, a bright but transient flaring-up of the spirit of liberty, the Turk has ruled as master of the land. But now her deliverance has come. In 1868, when but a boy of fourteen, the young Milan Obrenovitch was acknowledged as tributary prince of Serbia; a young man of twenty-two he, in the year 1876, revolted against Turkish misrule and freed Serbia from the long tyranny of her Moslem conquerors. And now, in this very month of August, 1882, he will, unless some change of ceremonial occurs, "bear his crown forth into the world," amid the glad acclaims of an emancipated people, as King Milan the First of Serbia, passing through a new gate cut in the time-stained, moss-grown wall of the old Cloister of the Seven Gates, under the shadow of which Paul and his sisters saw the White Vila of the Fountain five hundred years ago.



LEAP-FROG IN THE WOODS.

SUMMER DAYS AT LAKE GEORGE.

BY LUCY A. MILLINGTON.



ON THE ROAD TO LAKE GEORGE.

MASTER HARRY HADLEY, aged just fourteen at the time I shall tell you about, was a very genial boy, and had no fear of making the acquaintance of strangers whose appearance pleased him. His sister Anne, two years younger, but almost as tall, went everywhere with him, and shared in all his adventures, without a thought of consequences.

They finally tired of the places they had been in the habit of visiting summer after summer, and, having recently read Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," had succeeded in persuading their mother that, after a brief stay at Saratoga, a visit to Lake George would be an agreeable change for them all.

So it happened that, on a bright summer morning, they found themselves actually at the beginning of their long-anticipated journey, and about to enter the commodious stage drawn up at the door of the hotel. And when a dark, grave-looking stranger, who occupied an outside seat, beckoned to Harry with the air of one who knew the best places, and generally got them, nothing seemed to him more natural than at once to accept so friendly an invitation, in which he also liberally included Anne.

If Mamma made any objections, they were so faint as to be lost in the bustle attending the start, for the next moment the stage was off.

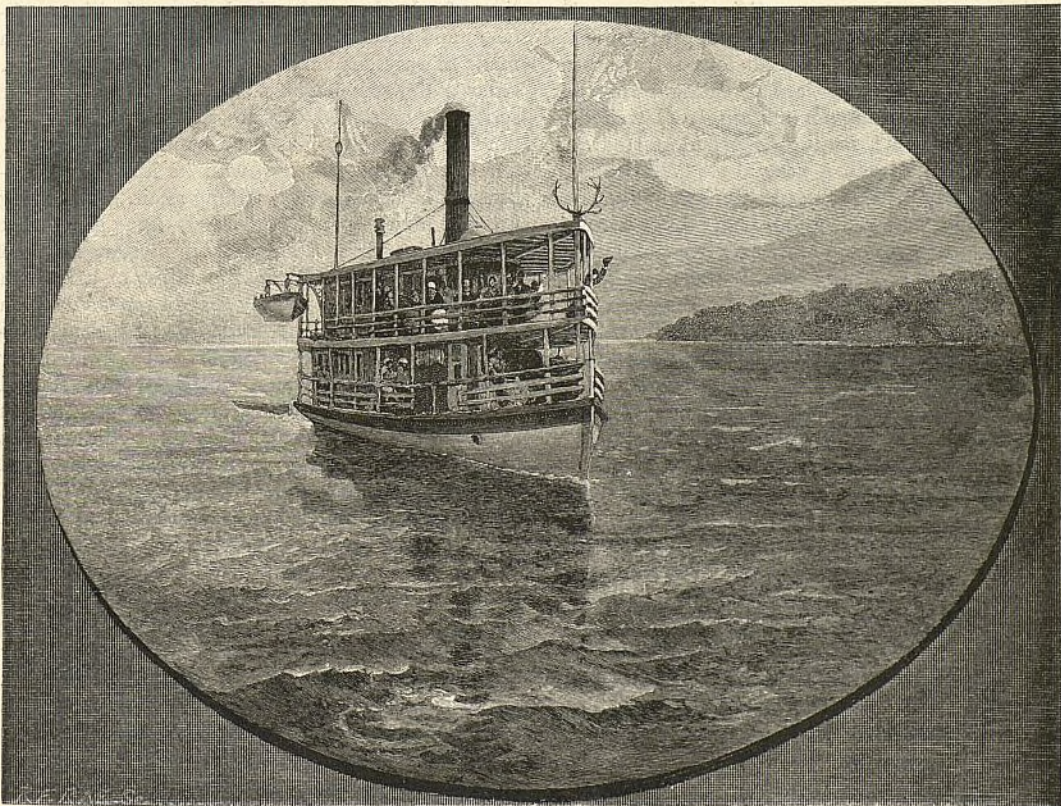
Mamma and her eldest daughter, Marie, settled themselves comfortably inside the coach, content to know that Harry and Anne were at least safely on board, and would need no further care for the present.

It was a perfect summer day. The six shining horses trotting smoothly along the planked road; the light, bounding motion of the coach, the lofty seat whence they could look down complacently on the boys and girls toiling along the sidewalks or roadsides,—all this made Harry's blood tingle with a pleasant excitement.

He sat quite still, however, for he was not given to making a noise when he was pleased; but looked about with an interest sharpened by his keen enjoyment. The swallows darting from low eaves, sparrows in oak thickets, and a kingbird poised on beating wings over a fluttering moth, he

passing over had been used by the armies, that there had often been much fighting along it; and that the block-houses had been built for shelter and protection.

Harry became so interested that he began to make good resolutions about studying colonial history; but he forgot all about them when the stranger beside him asked him if he liked fishing, and pointed out a trout-brook, winding among meadows and thickets. Sometimes it was lost in a green level, and anon hid itself in a small piece of woodland. A miserable little scow, managed by two boys, was coming slowly down the brook, laden with water-lilies. Anne shouted with delight when they threw her a handful. She could not find a penny to throw to the boys, for her purse was at the bottom of a pocket very much like Harry's, full of all sorts of things accumulated in



THE STEAMER "GANOUSKIE."

merely pointed out to Anne. Looking back, he saw distant purple mountains, which their new acquaintance told them were the long, outlying ranges of the Green Mountains. Then Anne remembered having read that, during the French and Indian wars, this very road which they were

their travels. However, that did not matter, for the stranger threw down some small change. "Evidently," thought Harry, "he carries his pennies loose in his pockets."

Then they wound along hill-sides shaded by huge chestnut-trees, whose little fuzzy burs began

to peep from among the green leaves. The hills beyond were high and covered with dark woods. Anne wondered if there were not bears in those woods.

"Very likely," said the stranger; "bears are very fond of chestnuts and acorns."

"Have you ever seen a bear loose in the woods?" inquired Harry.

"Once or twice—yes, twice," said the stranger, meditatively.

Harry took a good look at him for the first time. He was a handsome man, with dark eyes and dark skin, almost like an Indian's, but his hair and beard were fine and smooth. Anne could not help noticing his brown hands, with clean nails, and the "useful" look they had—not at all like most gentlemen's hands; but he seemed in no hurry to tell them about the bears.

"Did you see them here?" asked Harry.

"Oh, no—a long way off in the mountains. We were hunting deer, and our supper depended on our success. I was not anxious to see a bear, because I had become tired of eating bear-steak, and we were wishing for a change. I waited for a deer to pass me, for the dogs had started one; but they had started a bear also. Well, when I heard the small cedar-trees rustle, I thought a deer was coming, and took up my gun; but after waiting a long time, a huge black paw was put out from among the branches, and slowly waved, as though beckoning me to come forward. It was so like a great rough hand that I shuddered. Then there was a silence. I took steady aim, and fired where I had seen the paw. Something or somebody cried 'Oh!' in a deep voice, and a heavy body plunged off the rocks, and fell with a scramble and a crash down the hill. I was so sure that I had shot one of my men that I threw down my gun and ran forward, calling out, 'Who are you? Oh, tell me who it is!' A howl that was more dreadful than any thing I ever heard before or since answered me. I had only my knife, but I knew that my shot would call in the rest of my men, if they were near me. I could hear the bear crashing about in the close thicket. It seemed an age, but it could not have been five minutes, before I had regained my rifle and faced the bear as it scrambled up the rocks. As its breast rose over the hill I fired, and it fell back, dead."

Harry's cheeks tingled, and he panted softly, looking into the dark eyes before him.

"Was it a very large bear?" asked Anne.

"Very large," said the stranger, "and we had to eat it, for there was no deer killed that day."

"Oh," said Harry, "I wish I had been with you!"

"To eat bear-meat?" laughed the man. Then

he pointed out to them a bit of blue like the sky, which he said was Lake George. They rolled down the long, sloping embankment of the sliding sand-hill, with its bank swallows wheeling in circles overhead, and then through the pines, and across to the hotel—a thing Harry and Anne cared very little about, and that little only for the supper and the rest, before the glad to-morrow in which they should see the old fort and the scene of the massacre of the unfortunate prisoners by their savage conquerors.

About nine o'clock next morning, Harry and Anne came out of the woods, and climbed the grassy mound that covers what was once Fort George. They had walked slowly across the rough lime-rocks, trying to trace in the confused heaps of broken stone the lines of defense and the fire-places of the log-barracks which once stood there. Harry had grown eloquent in his descriptions, for he knew that he had an admiring audience, and that gave him a sense of freedom which made him rather reckless as to numbers and dates. After a time he began to be speculative, and he seriously questioned the possibility of three thousand men getting inside so small an inclosure. The bit of wall still left, with its half-closed embrasure, he considered a trifling affair. Tramping up and down over the short, fine grass that covered the piles of stones and mortar, he went too near the edge, and, in the midst of a flourish of sneers and gesticulations, disappeared from Anne's admiring eyes, as suddenly as if some hidden savage had extended a long arm from below and pulled him down. Indeed, it was several seconds before she quite understood that he was gone. Then her screams rang through the woods and echoed along the rocky mountain-sides, peal after peal, as, more than a hundred years before, the screams of the helpless prisoners had waked the echoes on the day of the massacre. She dared not look down, though the fall was not great, for she did not doubt that Harry was killed. So she stood with clenched hands, crying loudly in a way that Harry despised and had often scolded her for, when two strong brown hands clutched her arms, and she felt herself swung into the air and carried swiftly along the mound and down the broken rocks below the wall.

Five minutes later, she was laughing through her tears to see the mortified look on Harry's face when he opened his eyes and beheld the grave countenance of their companion of the day before.

Presently, Anne brought some water in Harry's folding cup, and he sat up as well as ever, but with a monstrous bump on his forehead where he had indented the turf, as their new acquaintance smilingly showed them.

"Now," said Harry, "I am Harry Hadley, and this is my sister Anne——"

"And I," said the gentleman, interrupting him, "I am the Old Man of the Mountains, and if you want to address me by a commoner name, you may call me John Jones. Suppose you call me John, and let us shake hands and swear eternal friendship."

"I don't mind if I do," said Harry; "and if you are going to the mountains again soon, I wish you would persuade Mamma to let me go too. I don't care sixpence for school, and I'd rather be a good hunter than any thing I can think of."

"Oh, but I am not a hunter," said John, "and I went to school for many years before I visited the mountains. I should like to have you go with me, but you would not be happy yourself, or help me, until you had a good education. The more you learn, the more you will enjoy the woods; so, my boy, stick to school and be a brave man. Just now, you and I and sister Anne are having a play-spell, so let us enjoy it. Come, if you feel like walking, we will go back to the place you came from in such a hurry, and I will tell you something about this old fort."

So they climbed the mound, and John took them about, and showed them what the shape of the fort had been before it was blown up, and how easily the Frenchmen had taken it by planting guns on a height, and shooting into the inside instead of the outside of the inclosure.

You can read the whole story in any good Colonial History.

Harry, kicking carelessly about in a heap of rubbish dislodged by recent rains, had unearthed a round ball of rusty iron—an old grape-shot, which made him very happy, but not more happy than Anne, who picked up a bit of glazed ware as large as a penny. Nothing but the persuasion of their new friend kept them both from digging with might and main for more relics.

John led them down across the rocks, among the pines and thorn-bushes, to the lake, and then he gathered some waxy white callas and arrow-leaves to put with Anne's harebells. It was very late before they thought of dinner—so late that Mamma and sister Marie began to feel uneasy, and were looking out for them, when they came up from the lake along the road shaded by pines.

It did not add to Mamma's pleasure to observe that the children were accompanied by a stranger, a dark man whom she took to be a foreigner; and, moreover, that both the young people were evidently charmed with him.

However, Mrs. Hadley forebore spoiling their enjoyment by reproving them, but after dinner she went down and bought tickets for passage on the

"Ganouskie" to French Point the next day. When the young folks heard of it, Anne tried to console Harry by reminding him that the steam-boat ride must be delightful, and then there was the whole afternoon still left for a row.

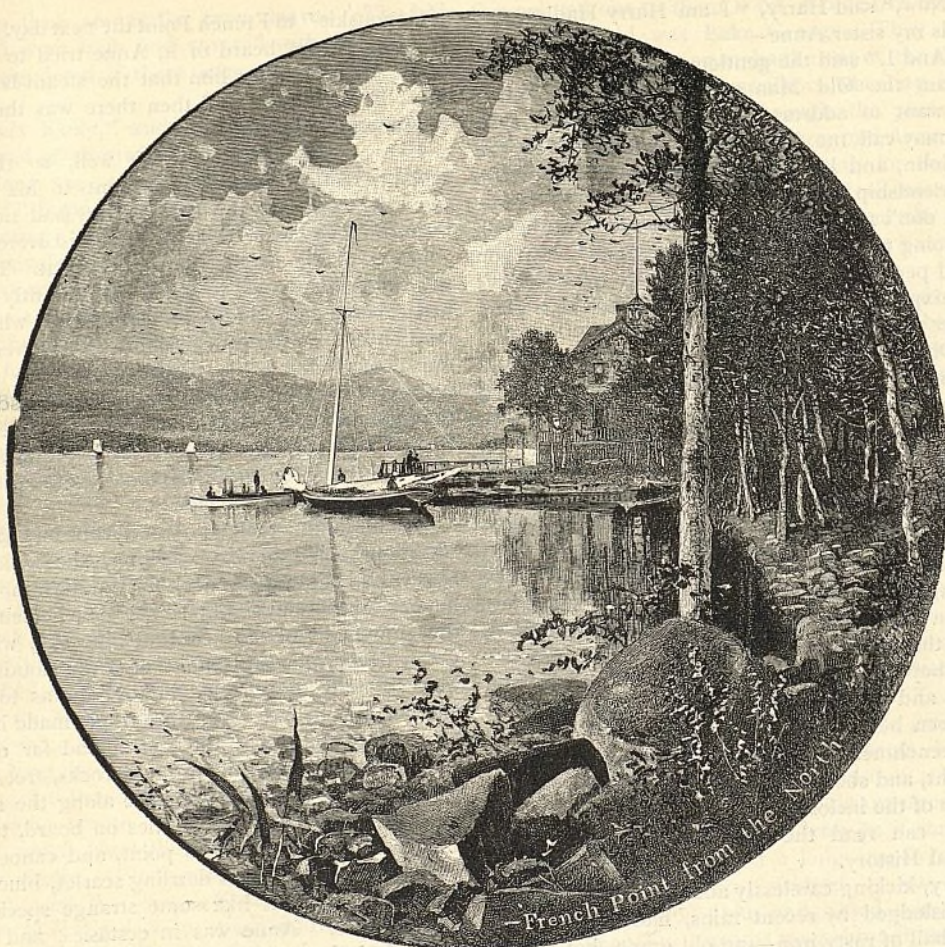
Harry had learned to row well, so that his mother readily gave her consent to his taking Anne for a ride on the lake. They had not long been on the water before they discovered Mr. Jones at a little distance in a pretty boat. Though they did not speak to him, he presently rowed near them, and kindly showed Harry where to land on one of the little islands. They were very much puzzled by his proceedings. He rowed up and down, and looked through a telescope at the mountains for a long time, first from one point, then from another. When they left the lake he was still lying down in his boat, with the long glass resting across the side.

When Mamma took Harry and Anne on board the "Ganouskie" the next morning, she looked all about the boat and the dock for the dark man, but he was nowhere in sight; so she gave herself up to the enjoyment of the beautiful blue sky, with its great, fleecy, piled-up banks of white clouds, that were so perfectly reflected in the lake as to seem another sky below. Even the ripple made by the boat when under way did not spread far or fast enough to break the picture, and rocks, trees, and mountains all floated in doubles along the shore. Little steamers, with gay parties on board, trailed lines of light from point to point, and canoes and yawls, holding specks of dazzling scarlet, blue, and white, flitted about like some strange species of water-beetles. Anne was in ecstasies, and even sister Marie forgot her fine complexion, and let the sun and the wind kiss her pink cheeks. Harry was having a splendid time watching the boys out on the water.

So Harry watched the boats, and let the shores, with their glimpses of houses embowered in trees, stretches of woods along the water, and bits of green meadow-land, slip by him unobserved. When he saw a boy about his own age hauling in fish, he could hardly keep from clapping his hands.

Often, the little boats lay so near that he could look down into them as they danced about in the swell the "Ganouskie" made, and the little steamers puffing away so spitefully bobbed about in such a merry way that Mamma and the children laughed to see them.

But there are other ways of traveling than by steamer, for here, some miles up the lake, pulling easily along in a pale green tinted boat, built as long and slim as a trout, was Mr. Jones himself. He turned his dark face toward them, and nodded smilingly to both Anne and her brother. Harry



FRENCH POINT FROM THE NORTH.

became thoughtful as he watched him. Of all ways of traveling, he decided he should prefer canoeing. It cuts one off from the rest of the world—at least, that part of it which travels in cars and steam-boats. "Everybody goes this way," said Harry to Anne, as he confided to her his preference for small boats; "but to row about wherever you like, to sleep in your boat, and to cook and eat in it, would be glorious. I say, Anne, you and I will go off together that way, some day."

Anne was sure she should like it if Harry did.

After seeing Mr. Jones, Harry began to be interested in the places where the boat made landings. He could not help being amused by the troops of children at every little pier. Some were busy with rods and lines, and one party of boys had a splendid water-spaniel that plunged in and brought back to shore whatever they threw to him, till one boy pulled off his shoe, and tossed it out, crying, "Take it, Charley!" But before Charley could

reach it, the shoe turned around once and sank out of sight, to the great amusement of the boys, who made the hills ring with their shrill laughter. Before the boat left, Harry saw the boy hobbling up to the house with but one shoe on, for they had not been able to make the dog understand that he was expected to dive for the one tossed out to him.

The pretty pavilion standing on the bank of the lake, within the line of tall trees, with groups of ladies in delicately tinted dresses standing about or sitting on the grassy banks, shone down on the water like some fairy picture. Harry was mainly interested in the name, "Trout Pavilion," for once or twice in his life he had done a little trout-fishing—enough, however, to make him wish for more. He thought of the beautiful rod and the flies that were packed in his trunk, and the pride and pleasure he had had in buying them. He did not quite understand whether trout were to be looked for in the lake or in the brooks, and he

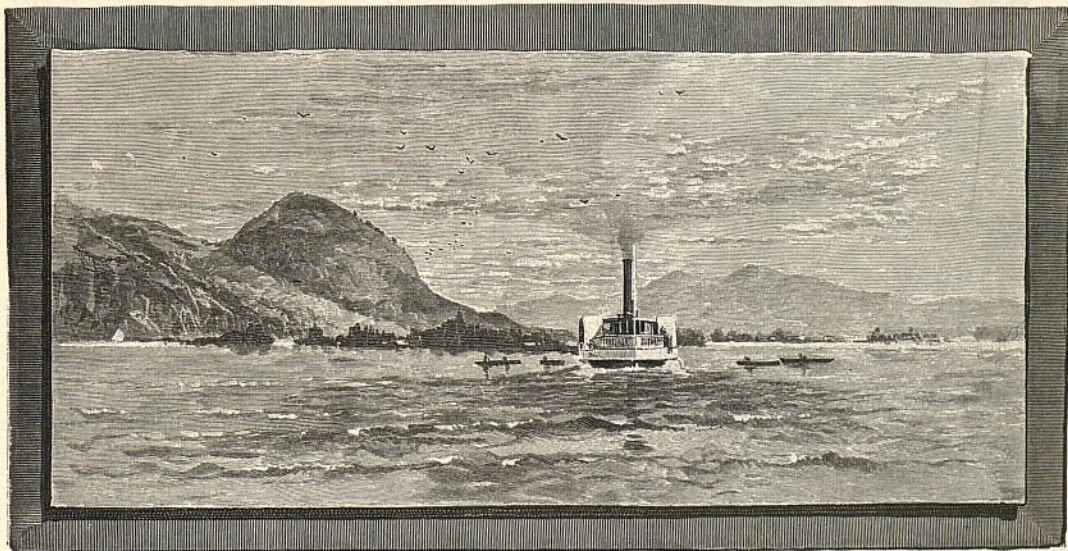
would not have asked about it for the world; but he resolved to try the lake on the first opportunity.

Anne tried hard to interest him in the beautiful scenery, but just now he could think only of good places to fish from. Shelving Rock, stretching out along the lake, looked like good fishing-ground, and he rather wondered at seeing so many people fishing from boats.

The shores were dotted with tents and tiny cottages, that seemed to swarm with people. Their flags looked like blossoms among the leaves. Boats darted in and out of every nook in the rocky shores, and from among the islands that were covered with trembling poplars and fragrant cedars. They swarmed along the steamer's track, and were supplied with ice, milk, fish, bread, and mail-matter by the boat-steward. The steamer's whistle was

summer. The stony desert of the city streets, the methodical school-drill, the constraint within known lines of city life had drifted so far into the past that they seemed to them both but a vague, hazy memory compared with the present, vivid with sunshine, sweet airs from evergreen woods, and the sheen of crystal water.

After dinner, which proved a pleasant occasion, as Mamma liked her rooms, and the children were in high spirits, Harry fished his rod out of his trunk, and, with Anne's help, arranged his lines for use. Just then, he was struck with a sudden pang of remorse. It had not occurred to him before, but he remembered that a good many of the boats he had seen held boys, no older than himself, who had young girls fishing with them—evidently brothers and sisters.



SHELVING ROCK.

blown every few minutes, and it was generally the signal for some boat that lay in waiting somewhere near. Young girls in gay flannel dresses, or boys with bare legs and arms and the broadest of hats, brought the letters and empty milk-cans from their camp. There were small cannon mounted on a hillock on the shore, and the girls fired a salute as the boat passed. It seemed a general holiday. Everything and everybody was enjoying the golden summer days. Even the leaves on the trees seemed to rustle happily on their stems, and the little puffs of wind that roughened long streaks of the silvery lake and made them look a steely blue, wandered aimlessly about, as if in the general enjoyment they too had a share. Long before they reached French Point, Harry and Anne had entered into the very spirit of a Lake George

summer. "Anne," said he, "I must go down into the office; I won't be gone five minutes."

He came back silent and preoccupied. He could send an order to town for fishing-tackle, but could not get it until the next day, and he was determined to try the lake early in the morning.

After the tackle, he must secure his boat; so he took Anne to the wharf, and they climbed in and out of every one, tried the seats, and inspected the oars carefully.

One of the boys playing about on the beach came and looked at them with a knowing smirk on his sunburnt face. Seeing Harry pause at a boat with a rather broad stern-seat, with the name "Fred" painted above it, he could not restrain himself, but burst out:

"Oh, I would n't take that, if I were you. I took

it once because *my* name's Fred; but it hangs back so in the water that it is very hard to row."

"What ails it?" asked Harry.

"I don't know, I'm sure, but the man said it

is my sister's name," and he looked at Anne, who blushed when Fred took off his rather rusty straw hat and made her a bow.

"You might have it if Papa had not taken it for the month; but there are others just as good. Pick out one, and enter your name for it, and then I should like to have you and your sister try mine. I'm going fishing over toward the other shore."

Harry looked the boats over once more, and finally took the one Anne liked best. It was named the "Susan," to which some school-boy had added a "Jane" in straggling red chalk letters, so that it read "Susan Jane." Harry and Fred laughed at it, but Anne tried to wipe it off with her handkerchief.

"No use, Miss Anne," said Fred. "I've seen it tried before, and it won't come off."

"What do you catch the most of?" asked Harry, as though he had but to choose the fish he wished for, and catch them.

"Perch mostly, and sometimes bass and pickerel. It is the best time in the season for pouts, too; but they are ugly things to handle, though they are nice eating. I'll get my bait now and take you over, if you will go."

"Very well; I will see about the boats first."

Harry was ashamed to say, "I will ask my mother," for he felt himself at the age of fourteen very tall and old, and he thought he ought to be able to go fishing without asking permission. However, his sense of honor was his strongest trait, and he went at once and told his mother about the boat and the invitation. Anne, with a keener instinct as to what her mother would most approve, enlarged somewhat on Fred's good manners, and the result was a cordial permission to go fishing with his new friend.

When they got down to the boat, Harry found that some cushions and three kettles of bait had been put in, and he remembered with some chagrin that poor Anne had no tackle. He had not thought, when at home, of a girl fishing; but here the girls had as many privileges as their brothers, and he was ashamed of his carelessness. He was resolved, too, that Anne should have a nice dark flannel dress, so that she could go about without trembling for her skirts and sister Marie's reproof for a stain or a water-splash.

Fred then rowed them over quickly to his fishing-ground.

Harry was a long time in getting out his rod, in order to see what Fred would do; then he followed him as nearly as possible in all things. Anne watched their floats and the neighboring boats till she singled out a pale green one that seemed to be getting all the fish. It made her nervous to see Harry's fingers pricked till they bled



GLIMPSES ALONG THE LAKE.

'hogged'; whatever that means I can't say, but I know it seems as if it touched bottom all the time."

"Have you a boat?" inquired Harry.

"Yes, that one with the pink-tipped oars is mine. It is the 'Anne.'"

"Oh," said Harry, "I should like that. That

by the two or three pouts that he caught, but with Fred's help he presently learned to unhook them more skillfully. Still, they were not getting many fish, and Fred put them nearer the green boat, in which they found their friend Mr. Jones. He was glad to see them, shook hands cordially, and inquired after Harry's head. Five minutes later, Anne found herself in the green boat, dropping a coil of line into the water, under Mr. Jones's instruction. Anne had never fished before, and she needed all her life-long habits of prompt obedience to keep her from rising in the boat and becoming wildly excited when an active fish ran away with her line. It darted madly about, now on this side, then on that, shooting off like an arrow, flinging itself at last quite out of the water, before she lifted it over the side of the boat, doing it all at Mr. Jones's quiet dictation.

"Hurrah for Anne!" shouted Harry and his friend, and they pulled over to inspect the prize.

Harry's elation knew no bounds when he found that it was a trout, and a heavy one at that. Mr. Jones thought it would weigh five pounds, and he complimented Anne on her coolness and skill.

Poor Anne! Her hands certainly trembled very much, and she wondered more and more how she ever got the fish into the boat. Harry and Fred did not waste much time talking about it, but hurried their lines over the side, and waited impatiently for the almost imperceptible signal from below that a fish was taking the bait.

Twice Fred lost a fish, and then caught a small trout. Anne caught nothing more, and Harry

in the bottom of the boat, and he could feast his eyes on it and wish that his father was there to see it. So much absorbed was he, that he did not see nor hear another boat coming up with them, until its inmate exclaimed, "My! but that's a bouncer!" And Anne cried out in unselfish glee, "Hurrah! Harry has beaten me."

Then the happy young people came back to the Point, for Fred enjoyed their success almost as much as if it had been his own. Next came the exhibition to Mamma and sister Marie, and the triumphal procession to the kitchen to hand the fish over to cook to be weighed and dressed, so that they might have them for tea and breakfast.

In the meantime, Mamma had discovered that she knew of Fred's family. They were the Lelands, of Fairton, and she told Harry to send Mr. and Mrs. Leland a plate of fish from their own table, which led to further acquaintance and much pleasure for Anne and the two boys.

Anne told her mother that her fish was caught from Mr. Jones's boat, and with his tackle. She at first seemed to be somewhat vexed that Anne should have allowed herself to be indebted for so much attention to a perfect stranger; but when she learned that Mr. Jones was staying at a neighboring hotel, she made no further remark.

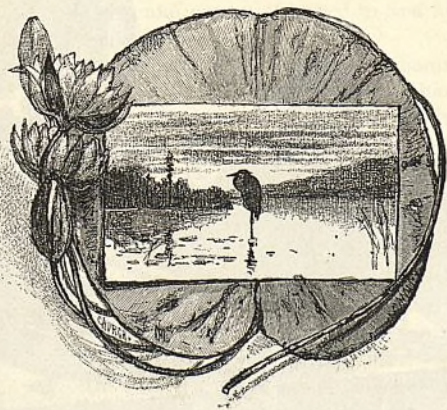
The next morning, Fred and Harry got up early and went out to catch pouts. The sun had not risen, and the great mountains that nestle so closely on all sides of the beautiful lake wore the loveliest garbs of purple and gold. Light scarfs of lace-like mist floated across their tops. The wood-duck led out her brood in the shadows of the rocks, and the great northern diver called his mate in the far-off, plaintive voice that, once heard, can never be forgotten. The lake lay still before them, black in shadow, streaked with steely blue where the brightening sky was reflected on the placid water. The two boys laid down their oars when they reached their fishing-ground, and sat a moment silent, looking and listening.

"This is glorious," said Harry at last. "I wish it would last forever."

"So do I," said Fred; "I would fish every day."

The word fish recalled them to the business of the morning, and they drew their boats away from each other and put out their lines.

In the meantime, Anne, who was awakened by Harry's going out, had risen and dressed, and went out to look at the sky and the mountains. She could see the boats and the flash of water from the oars, as they rose and fell. A bittern in some moist hollow near by called to his mate, and the kingfisher's clanging cry came from some tall old trees beside the lake. A bustling robin, that had already given its brood their breakfast, came



began to feel hot and flurried over his lack of success, when the signal came so suddenly as to almost upset his usual calmness.

"Go slow, or you'll lose him!" Fred shouted.

It seemed a long time to Harry, but a delicious time, too, before his fish lay glistening before him

down in the grass on the lawn for a bath, and fluttered its feathers, and rolled about in the dew, until it was thoroughly wet; then flew up and began to dry itself, with many cunning motions and twirling of rustling wings. The swallows flew in and out of the barn, squeaking and twittering, and sweeping over the trees and down on the lake, dipping here and there a wing, and then whirling back again, until Anne forgot, in watching them, that she lived in a world where breakfasts and dinners were occasions which well-behaved young people were expected to remember.

Several happy days had gone by, when Mrs. Hadley and the children were invited by the Lelands to share in a picnic at the Narrows. They had hired a large sail-boat, and would land somewhere and have lunch. Fred and Harry could tie their boats behind if they wished, and then row about when they reached the picnic ground. The weather was hot, but when once fairly upon the water the breeze that wafted them smoothly along made a delicious coolness in the air. The lake was alive with saucy little steamers, sail and row boats, their gay bunting and the brilliant-colored dresses of their occupants shining in the sun. The mountains in the distance were faintly tinged with purple, while the nearer rocks glowed in blended hues of russet and gold.

The young people were happy. They sang and whistled to the birds, they clapped their hands, hurrahed, and waved their handkerchiefs by way of returning the salutes of the camps they passed.

dodging in and out of all sorts of queer places, sometimes so close to the shore that they could look into pleasant camps and see bits of country roads, where carriages, toiling over the rocks or through the sand, made their own easy sailing-boat seem more delightful, until they reached a spot which seemed to be the very place for their picnic.

The two boys carried the party ashore in their small boats. They brought out the baskets, gathered sticks for their gypsy fire, and then went down to the beach to hunt for periwinkles and to catch crickets for bait.

Harry called them to dinner with a fish-horn. It was the merriest dinner they had ever eaten, and though they had laughed until they were tired, they none the less enjoyed the sail back to the hotel above, where they were to join another party going to French Point.

Every wind that blew was favorable, and almost too soon they swept up to the place where their boat was waiting for them. It was a small steamer, and had been whistling frantically for some minutes. They threw a line on board the Lelands' boat, and away they went across the lake. Sailing was well enough, but being towed was a new experience, and Fred enjoyed it to the utmost; and when they had nearly reached the other shore, he wished to have Harry and Anne sit near him.

As Harry was helping Anne over, he tripped on a rope, and in falling gave her such a pull that they both fell head foremost into the dark water. Their mother's cry of distress hardly quivered on the air

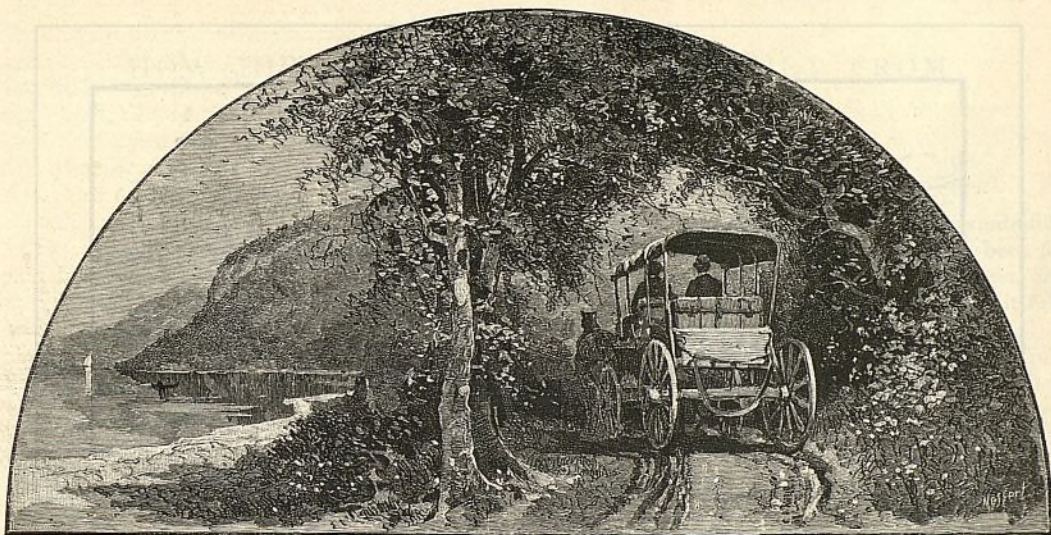


SAILING ON LAKE GEORGE.

The little steamers whistled to them, and everybody appeared to be glad with everybody else.

The sail was so delightful that the young people begged for more, and the boat went on up toward Shelving Rock, creeping between the islands, and

before there was a splash from the steamer. Somebody had gone over after them. Fred jumped into his boat, and some one cast him loose, while the steamer turned slowly about and lay head on, ready to go in any direction. All eyes were turned toward



A ROAD-WAY BY THE LAKE.

the bubbling wake of the "Water Witch" to see the children rise.

Anne appeared first. Fred rowed with might and main to reach her, and the swimmer beat the water with strong arms. Just as poor Harry came up, groping about for her with both hands while he gasped for breath, she sank out of sight again.

Fred forged ahead, and, hooking his feet under a stationary seat, lay far over the side, waiting breathlessly for the child to come in sight. In the meantime the swimmer had reached Harry, and was supporting him until he could take breath, while gasping over and over: "I tried to find her—I tried so hard to find her!"

The poor mother moaned, and wrung her hands, not daring to look on. If she had, she would have seen Fred lean suddenly far out and plunge his head and arms into the water, rising again with Anne's pretty, white face close to his. As he afterward told Harry privately, it was like something done in a dream. He had clutched her dress, and then had grasped both arms.

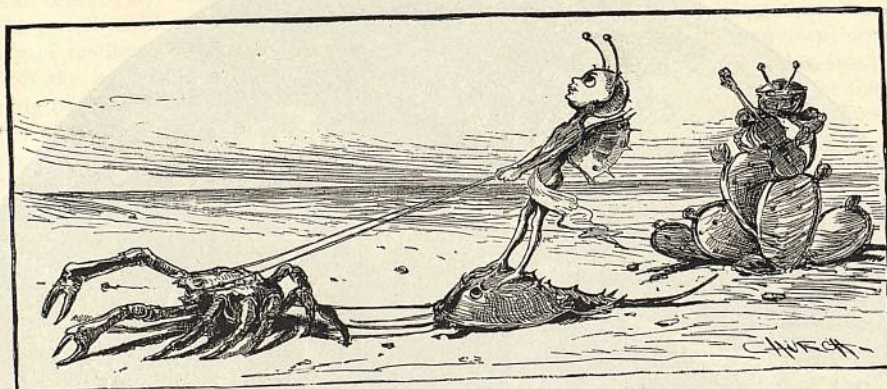
Fred was able to hold his precious burden until Harry and his preserver came and lifted her into the boat, into which they also climbed, and rowed away with all their might to the hotel at the Point, not far off, while the rest of the party came on behind as fast as possible.

Blankets and hot-water bottles were hurried out, and before very long Anne opened her eyes upon a rather misty scene. Unknown faces peered at her through the mist, and hollow voices sounded in her ears; but presently all faded slowly out of sight and hearing, and she had a little sleep.

As soon as it was possible to take Anne away from Harry, he was sent to his room to change his wet clothes. He would not consent to leave her until he was assured that she was alive and would soon be all right. By the time he had got on some dry clothes, Fred came to the door with his father and Mr. Jones, and Harry discovered that his rescuer was no other than his friend of the fort. They clasped hands with an earnest look into each other's eyes. Fred had a sudden call to the window, and Mr. Leland said smilingly: "Harry, you seem to know this gentleman. I'm glad you have found him out, for I have known him a long time. We knew each other when we were boys, like you and Fred. We went to college together, and almost every summer we meet here at Lake George."

Mamma and sister Marie stepped forward and heartily thanked the stranger for his noble kindness to them, to which he replied with a blush that showed even through his tanned cheek; and then honest, cordial little Anne ran up to him and threw her arms about his neck, exclaiming: "Dear John Jones, I think you are just splendid!" at which everybody laughed, especially Mr. Leland, who, as they went out of the door together, patted his friend's shoulder, and said smilingly: "*John Jones*, indeed! Since when has my old chum, Rob Hamilton, become John Jones?"

I should like to tell you more about this pleasant summer trip, but must content myself with saying that all the rest of the days at Lake George were golden days, that made their lives brighter and happier, and the very memory of them filled the winter with sunshine.



A SEA-SIDE TURN-OUT.

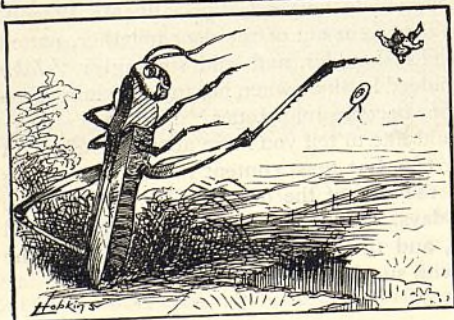
TIT FOR TAT.

BY EVA F. L. CARSON.



GRASSHOPPER GOGGLEYES, down in the clover,
Drearily cries: "Well! I've traveled all over,
High as the clover-tops, down to the ground;
Rest for my weary legs never I've found.
Over field and through meadow, up hill and down
dale,
There's a fat little foot coming just at my tail,
And the shrill little voice of that fat little Joe
Exclaims: 'Jump, Mr. Grasshopper, don't be so
slow,

Jump high and low!
Hop, Mr. Grasshopper—get up and go!"



"Would Joe find it pleasant, I'd just like to know,
If I suddenly stretched, and, beginning to grow,
Grew bigger, and bigger, and bigger—just so—
And then, gently extending my little green toe,
I gayly cried out: 'Come, get up, little Joe?
Jump, little fat boy, and don't be so slow,
Jump high and low!
Hop, little fat boy—get up and go!"

HOW JOE BENTLY WON A BOUQUET FROM THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.*

BY H. H. CLARK, U. S. N.



JOE BENTLY lived on a cattle-farm in the interior of one of the New England States. His rough, wild life had developed in him great physical strength and endurance. At sixteen he grew tired of his surroundings, and having heard in the meantime of the naval apprentice system, made up his mind that the deck of a man-of-war would afford much larger scope for his talents and be vastly more congenial to his tastes. Having obtained his father's consent, at the end of the month he was an apprentice on board the "Minnesota," lying in dock at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

After a year spent in that great vessel, learning the drills and exercises of a man-of-war, he, with about a hundred others, was found qualified for a cruise at sea. Early in March, he was detailed to make a summer cruise in the Mediterranean. His ship, a fine sloop-of-war, sailed late in the same month for Lisbon.

Never did vessel make a finer voyage. In nineteen days, driven by a moderate westerly gale, she brought the heights of Cintra, on the Portuguese coast, in full view. In the sunlight they stood out like a mountain of gold against the sky.

Nearly all the boys had suffered from sea-sickness, and when they saw land once more they felt somewhat as Columbus did when he knelt and kissed the soil of San Salvador. In the course of the day, the ship stood up the Tagus under full canvas. The beautiful banks seemed to them like a panorama of Paradise. This noble river, with its

emerald banks, crowned with ancient windmills, quaint castles, and glittering palaces, has been for centuries the delight of poets and travelers, and after a passage across the stormy Atlantic it falls upon the eye with an indescribable charm.

The moment a man-of-war comes to anchor in a foreign port, all sorts of people throng about her, all clamorous for patronage. There are washerwomen, bumboatmen, theatrical agents, guides, musicians—each setting forth his particular attractions in a very animated manner. Among the people who came on board was a man who especially interested Joe. He brought a flaming advertisement of a bull-fight, which he undertook to explain in broken English. As nearly as Joe could make out, there was to be, during the following Easter week, a great bull-fight. The wildest bulls had been brought from Andalusia, a large number of horses from the royal stables were to be in the ring, the queen herself would preside and distribute the favors, and, in short, it was to be the grandest bull-fight seen in Portugal for many years.

All this had a peculiar fascination for Joe. In all his allusions to Portugal and Spain, he had declared to the boys that the only thing he cared to see in those countries was a bull-fight.

The bull-fights of Portugal are different from those of Spain in several important particulars. At every such fight in Spain, where this cruel sport is conducted in the most barbarous manner, many horses are killed, and sometimes men, too, fall victims, and at the close of the fight the bull is dispatched by the *matador*, or bull-killer. The law of Portugal does not allow the bull to be killed, and his horns are always padded, or tipped with brass, so that he can not gore the horses. Once in a while, however, a man is killed, in spite of this precaution. The excitement is intense, as the object is to drive or drag the bull from the inclosure.

In the general liberty-list of the ship some of the boys were always included, and Joe was rejoiced to find his name among the fortunate number on the day of the fight. Long before the hour, he went ashore and walked impatiently about the city. At last, with several of his comrades, he started for the bull-ring. Thousands, bedecked in gay colors, thronged the great highway. Carriages, bearing the coats of arms of noble families, rolled along, drawn by horses in richly ornamented harness, fol-

* See "Letter-box."



SPANISH BULL-FIGHTERS.

lowed by postilions in livery of many hues. Had Joe not known that all this display was over a bull-fight, he would have thought that it was coronation day, or that a king was coming from some foreign capital to visit the country, and the people were going forth to welcome him.

At the ring he had to wait long, with a densely packed, impatient crowd, for admission. Finally the doors were thrown open, and there was a grand rush for seats. Joe succeeded in getting one of the best. Whoever knew an American boy abroad who failed in getting a good seat, if left to his own ingenuity and activity?

Joe's position commanded a full view of every part of the pavilion. He thought that all Lisbon must be there, from the barefooted water-carriers to the royal family. All waited in suspense for the queen to enter the royal box. Presently she appeared, and was greeted by the audience with repeated cries of applause. She waved her handkerchief, there was a grand burst of music, and an officer of the royal household, followed by a troop of riders dressed in brilliant and fantastic costumes, mounted on horses in rich housings, galloped into the ring. After they had gracefully saluted the court and the public, they dashed with a great flourish of lances to their several stations. A large number of *campinos*, or bull-fighters, similarly dressed, but unmounted, followed them into the ring, each bearing a gaudy flag or mantle.

The public imagination was highly wrought up by this display. Joe now saw a man step forward

and quickly pull open a little door. Standing one side, he shook a red flag violently in the aperture, and in an instant a noble bull bounded into the ring. For a moment he stood regarding the vast audience with astonishment and anger. Joe thought he never before had seen so beautiful an animal. He was as lithe and graceful as a deer, and as he pawed the ground and lashed his sides furiously with his tail, Joe's admiration burst into an enthusiastic shout. The bull's *début* had been so handsomely made that the audience cheered him lustily.

Already the *campinos* had begun their feats of agility and daring. The air was aglow with their waving mantles and flags. Not only did they endeavor to exhibit their own bravery, but also to infuriate the bull for the mounted men, who as yet remained inactive. So violently did the bull charge upon them that in a few minutes nearly every one of them had vaulted over the palings. For an instant, the bull was master of the ring.

Joe's excitement increased. Up to the present moment his sympathy was with the bull. He wished that he were astride one of those magnificent horses, or that he was even afoot in the ring; he would show the audience some sport.

Led by the royal officer, the knight-errant of the occasion, each rider had now put spurs to his horse, and they were all executing a series of quick evolutions preparatory to a direct attack upon the bull. Horses and riders were so admirably trained that even the bull looked as if he were charmed by the exhibition. The riders now began severally to confront the bull and provoke his wrath by sharp thrusts of their lances. Thus insulted and wounded, he sprang at his tormentors with such force that they were barely able to evade his stroke by the utmost dexterity and promptness. One fine horse was at length struck with such violence that, in rearing, he lost his balance and fell heavily to the ground. Both the horse and his rider lay for a moment stunned, when they were assisted from the ring. This being repeated, the queen gave orders for the horsemen to withdraw, as the royal horses were too valuable to be injured in this manner.

The programme with the first bull was nearly completed. The band struck up a lively air, and several men came in to compete in single combats for the honors of the day. One of them, wrapped in a crimson cape, stationed himself in a chair. The bull immediately tossed the chair many feet into the air, the occupant barely saving himself from a mortifying fall. Another man stood on his hands, shaking a bright cloth with his teeth. He recovered his feet within a few inches of the bull as he rushed madly past.

The most perilous feat of the bull-ring was now

attempted. A young man, covered with silver lace hung all over with little bells, undertook to throw himself between the bull's horns and cling to them till the bull should be sufficiently exhausted to be overpowered and taken from the ring. He courageously made the attempt, but unhappily missed his aim and fell directly in front of the enraged animal.

At this moment of terrible suspense, moreover, Joe suddenly saw what had not yet been discovered by any one else—that the bull had lost the padding from one of his horns. He stood over

temerity. An Englishman present, fearing for the life of the unpracticed lad, cried out, "Come back!" Several Americans shouted for him to leave the ring. But Joe had made the venture, and he was not going to be frightened from the ring. On the farm at home he had conquered many a steer quite as wild and powerful as even this maddened bull.

He was conscious that thousands of eyes were watching him with eager interest; but without hesitation he advanced toward the bull, coolly placing himself so that with one hand he could



JOE JOINS THE BULL-FIGHT.

the young man, his eyes glaring and his whole attitude one of furious anger. He refused to be diverted by the colors glancing all around him, and he seemed to be considering whether he should trample on his victim or pierce him with the naked horn. The young man did not dare to move, for he was aware that the bull possessed every advantage. The excitement of the audience was at its highest point, and the overwrought feelings of our hero would allow him to retain his seat no longer.

With the sprightliness of a sailor-boy he leaped the paling. Everybody was astonished at his

grasp the bull's horn, while with the other he could seize his shaggy mane. The young man, meanwhile, had leaped to his feet and retired to a safe position, leaving Joe to fight the bull alone. Joe's mode of attack had never before been seen in Portugal, and it appeared the extreme of folly. A murmur of remonstrance was heard in every part of the audience. Many cried out for the *campinos* to rush in and rescue the reckless youth. The bull did not seem to appreciate the turn events had taken, and for a moment stood motionless. A strange silence, almost ominous of defeat to our hero, settled upon the pavilion. It was a thrilling

scene—the brave sailor boy apparently at the mercy of the furious animal, and thousands of spectators looking on with breathless interest.

Suddenly the bull recovered himself, and, with an angry flaunt of his head, renewed hostilities. Joe quickly found it more difficult clinging to the bull's slippery horn than to a yard-arm in a tempest; but he was determined to be captain of this lively craft. Somehow he felt that the honor of his country depended upon his victory.

As a good seaman favors his ship in a hurricane, so Joe resolved to humor the bull. He realized that he must take care of his strength, for he would need it all before he got through with his antagonist. Now the bull began to exhibit his wrath. He writhed, and hooked, and stamped. One instant the audience expected to see poor Joe dangling from his horns, and the next trampled helpless beneath his feet. But Joe clung as he would cling to a life-line in a fearful surf. During the intervals of the bull's violence, as in the water on its ebb, he struck gallantly upon his feet. Each time he did so, cries of "Bravo! bravo!" rent the air. The bull continued to put forth still greater power. He plunged and tore around the ring. Alternately he jerked and swung Joe from his feet, and fairly spun him through the air. The pavilion tossed, and reeled, and whirled before Joe's giddy sight. Round and round flew the bull as in a race for life. Several times he completed the circuit of the ring; a circle of dust rose from his track and hung over it like a wreath of smoke.

How Joe held on! He feared he could not endure the shock and strain for a minute longer, and he dreaded to let go. He began to lament his rashness. But all at once the bull's speed slackened. Joe felt a thrill of gratitude as his feet once more touched the ground. He was tired of flying, and was very glad to run. The bull, convinced that he could not liberate his horn from Joe's unyielding grip, came to a halt, and with disappointed anger began to paw the ground. Joe had longed for this advantage, which, strange to say, a bull seldom gives till toward the close of a fight, and he sprang directly in front of him and firmly grasped both his horns. "Bravo! bravo!" rent the air. Joe braced himself and waited, and when the bull threw his foot high in the air with its little cloud of dust, by a quick, powerful movement, Joe twisted his head to one side so strongly that the fierce animal was thrown off his balance, and fell heavily upon his side.

A score of men rushed in to hold him down until he should be secured; then he was rolled and taken triumphantly from the ring. Joe was almost deafened by the applause. He suddenly found himself a hero in the estimation of the audience, and was overwhelmed by the outbursts of enthusiasm. He was not allowed to leave the ring until he had been led to the royal box, where the queen, with her own hand, passed him a beautiful bouquet. She also extended to him an invitation to come to the palace, where she herself would receive the brave American boy.

HOW FAR YET?

BY CELIA THAXTER.

ARE you so doubtful, poor Nanette?
So many miles to travel yet!
Your chin within your little hand,
Far gazing o'er the darkening land,

Where, like a dream, the village shows
Against the sunset's golden rose;
And day is done, and night begun—
Are you so tired, little one?

And grandmother so weary, too?
Fast comes the dark—what will you do?
Already creeps the twilight down
Above the plain so bare and brown.

Though wide the barren loneliness,
And fear grows more and hope grows less,

And o'er the roofs and towers so far
Trembles the timid evening star,

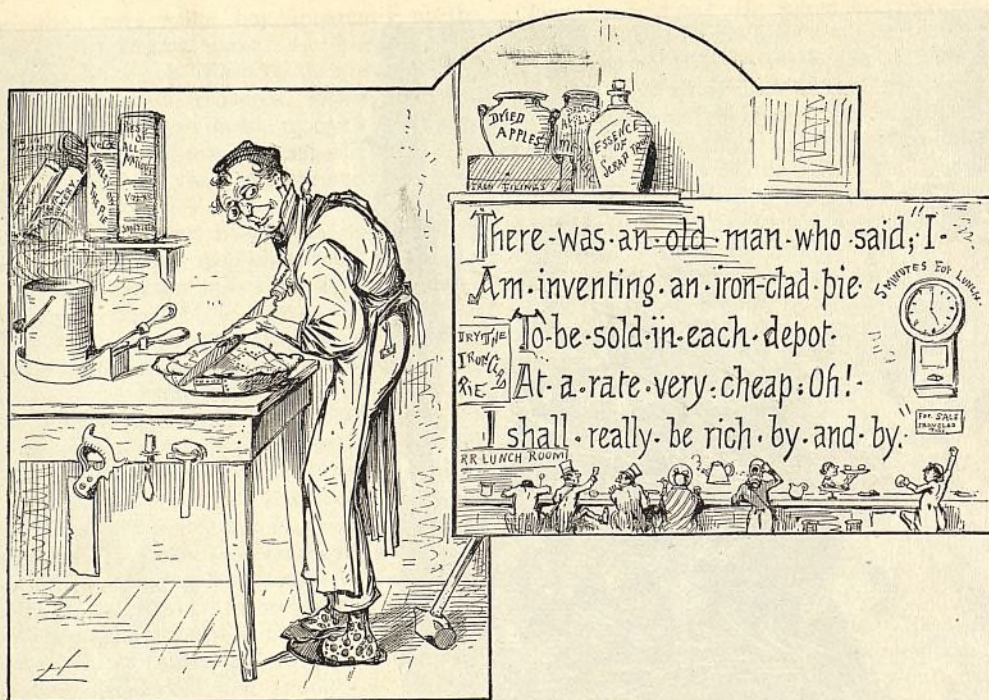
The village from the fallen sun
Is beckoning, now the day is done,
With many a cheerful twinkling light,
Bright sparkling through the gloom of night.

And every sparkle calls to you:
"Cheer up! Press on through dusk and dew!
Welcome is waiting you, and rest;
You shall be comforted and blest."

Poor grandmother and poor Nanette!
To-morrow morn you shall forget,
'Mid voices kind and faces dear,
How sad the long way seemed, and drear.

"SO MANY MILES TO TRAVEL YET!"





DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SUNSET.

FOR an instant Mr. Reed was too astonished to speak.

"Tell me," implored Donald, "is n't Dorothy my sister?"

"Hush! hush!" was the hurried response. "She'll hear you!"

"Is she or not?" insisted Donald, his eyes still fixed on his uncle's face. It seemed to him that he had caught the words, "She is." He could not be certain, but he stepped hopefully forward and laid his hand upon Mr. Reed's shoulder.

"She is!" he exclaimed joyfully, bending over till their faces almost met. "I knew it! Why did n't you tell me the fellow lied?"

"Who? What fellow?"

"First, Uncle—Is she or not? I *must* know."

Mr. Reed glanced toward the door, to be sure that it was closed.

"Oh, Uncle, do answer my question."

"Yes, my boy—I think—that is, I *trust* she is. Oh, Donald," cried Mr. Reed, leaning upon the table and burying his face in his hands, "I do not know myself!"

"What don't you know, Uncle?" said a merry voice outside, followed immediately by a light rap at the door. "May I come in?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Reed, rising. But Donald was first. He almost caught Dorry in his arms as she entered.

"Well!" she exclaimed, "I thought I'd never get dressed. But where's the sense of shutting yourselves in here, when it's so beautiful outside after the shower? It's the grandest sunset I ever saw. Do come and look at it!"

With these words, and taking an arm of each, she playfully led them from the room, out to the

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piazza, where they could see the glory of the western sky.

"Is n't it wonderful?" she went on, as they stood looking over the glowing lake. "See, there's a splendid, big purple cloud with a golden edge for you, Uncle, and those two little ones alongside are for Don and me. Oh!" she laughed, clapping her hands, "they're twins, Don, like ourselves; what a nice time they're having together! Now, they are separating—further and further apart—and yours is breaking up too, Uncle. Well, I *do* declare," she added, suddenly turning to look at her companions, "I never saw such a pair of doleful faces in all my life!"

"In *all* your life?" echoed her uncle, trying to laugh carelessly, and wishing to divert her attention from Donald.

"Yes, in all my life—all *our* life I might say—and it is n't such a very short life either. I've learned ever so many things in it, I'd have you know, and not all of them from school-books, by any means."

"Well, what have you learned, my girl?"

"Why, as if I could tell it all in a minute! It would take volumes, as the story-tellers say. I'll tell you *one* thing, though, that I've found out for certain" (dropping a little courtesy): "I've the nicest, splendidest brother ever a girl had, and the best uncle."

With these words, Dorothy, raising herself on tiptoe, smilingly caught her uncle's face with both hands and kissed him.

"Now, Don," she added, "what say you to a race to the front gate before supper? Watch can try, too, and Uncle shall see which—Why, where is Don? When did he run off?"

"I'll find him," said Uncle George, passing her quickly and reaching his study before Dorry had recovered from her surprise. He had seen Donald hasten into the house, unable to restrain the feelings called up by Dorry's allusion to the clouds, and now Mr. Reed, too, felt that he could bear her unsuspecting playfulness no longer.

Dorry stood a few seconds, half puzzled, half amused at their sudden desertion of her, when sounds of approaching wheels caught her attention. Turning, she saw Josie Manning in a new rockaway, driven by Mr. Michael McSwiver, coming toward the house.

"Oh, Dorothy!" Josie called out, before Michael had brought the fine gray steed to a halt; "can you come and take supper with me? I drove over on purpose, and I've some beautiful lichens to show you. Six of us girls went out moss-hunting before the shower. So sorry you were not with us!"

"Oh, I don't think I can," hesitated Dorry. "Donald and I have been away all day. Can't you stay here with us?"

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"*Im-possible*," was Josie's emphatic reply. "Mother will wait for me—Oh, what a noble fellow! So this is Watch? Ed Tyler told me about him."

Here Josie, reaching out her arm, leaned forward to pat the shaggy head of a beautiful Newfoundland, that, with his paws on the edge of the rockaway, was trying to express his approbation of Josie as a friend of the family.

"Yes, this is our new dog. Is n't he handsome? Such a swimmer, too! You ought to see him leap into the lake to bring back sticks. Here, Watch!"

But Watch would not leave the visitor. "Good fellow," said Josie, laughingly, still stroking his large, silky head. "I admire your taste. But I must be off. I do wish you'd come with me, Dot. Go and ask your uncle," she coaxed; "Michael will bring you home early."

Here Mr. McSwiver, without turning his face, touched the rim of his hat gravely.

"Well, I'll see," said Dorothy, as she ran into the house.

To her surprise, Mr. Reed gave a ready consent.

"Shall I really go?" she asked, hardly satisfied. "Where is Donald?"

"He is readying himself for supper, I think, Miss," said Kassy, the housemaid, who happened to pass at that moment. "I saw him going into his room."

"But you look tired, Uncle dear. Suppose I don't go this time."

"Tired? not a bit. Never better, Dot. There, get your hat, my girl, and don't keep Josie waiting any longer."

"Well, good-bye, then. Tell Don, please, I've gone to Josie's—Oh, and Josie and I would like to have him come over after tea. He need n't, though, if he feels very tired, for Josie says Michael can bring me home."

"Very well, my dear. If Donald is not there by half-past nine o'clock, do not expect him. Wait, I'll escort you to the carriage."

CHAPTER XXVI.

UNCLE GEORGE TELLS DONALD.

"COME in here, Don," said Uncle George, after the quiet supper, slowly leading the way to his study; "we can have no better opportunity than this for our talk. But, first tell me—Who was the 'fellow' you mentioned? Where was he? Did Dorry see him?"

Donald, assuring his uncle that Dorry had not recognized the man, told all the particulars of the interview at Vanbogen's, and of Jack's timely appearance and Slade's beating.

Disturbed, even angry, as Mr. Reed was at hearing this unwelcome news, he could not resist Donald's persistent, resolute desire that the present hour should be given to the main question concerning Dorry.

Twilight slowly faded, and the room grew darker as they sat there, until at last they scarcely could see each other's faces. Then they moved nearer to the open window, conversing in a low tone, as star after star came softly into view.

Donald's large, wistful eyes sometimes turned to look toward the front gate, through which Dorry had passed, though he gave close attention to every word Mr. Reed uttered.

It was a strange story; but it need not all be repeated here. Suffice it to say, at last Donald learned his uncle's secret, and understood the many unaccountable moods that heretofore had perplexed Dorry and himself.

What wonder that Mr. George had been troubled, and had sometimes shown signs of irritation! For nearly fifteen years he had suffered from peculiar suspense and annoyance, because, while he believed Dorothy to be his own niece, he could not ascertain the fact to his complete satisfaction. To make matters worse, the young girl unconsciously increased his perplexity by sometimes evincing traits which well might be inherited from his brother Wolcott, and oftener in numberless little ways so reminding him of his adopted sister Kate in her early girlhood, that his doubts would gain new power to torment him.

All he had been able to find out definitely was that, in the autumn of 1859, in accordance with his instructions, Mrs. Wolcott Reed, his brother's widow, with her twin babies, a boy and girl of six weeks, and their nurse, had sailed from Europe, in company with Kate and her husband, George Robertson, who had with them their own little daughter Delia, a baby of about the same age as the twins.

When about seven days out, the steamer had been caught in a fog, and, going too near the treacherous coast of Newfoundland, had in the night suddenly encountered a sunken rock. The violence of the shock aroused every one on board. There was a rush for the pumps, but they were of no use—the vessel had already begun to sink. Then followed a terrible scene. Men and women rushed wildly about, vainly calling for those belonging to them. Parents and their children were separated in the darkness—nearly every one, officers and crew alike, too panic-stricken to act in concert. In the distracting terror of the occasion, there was barely time to lower the steamer's boats.

Several of these were dangerously overloaded;

one, indeed, was so crowded that it was swamped instantly. The remaining boats soon were separated, and in the darkness and tumult their crews were able to pick up but a few of the poor creatures who were struggling with the waves.

Two of the three babies, a boy and a girl, had been rescued, as we already know, by the efforts of one of the crew, Sailor Jack, known to his comrades as Jack Burton. He had just succeeded in getting into one of the boats, when he heard through the tumult a wild cry from the deck above him:

"Save these helpless little ones! Look out! I must throw them!"

"Aye, aye! Let 'em come!" shouted Jack in response, and the next moment the babies, looking like little black bundles, flew over the ship's side one after the other, and were safely caught in Jack's dexterous arms. Just in time, too, for the men behind him at once bent to the oars, in the fear that the boat, getting too near the sinking ship, was in danger of being engulfed by it.

Against Jack's protesting shout of "There's another coming!—a woman!" the boat shot away on the crest of a wave.

Hearing a helpless cry, Jack hastily flung off his coat, thrust the babies into the arms of his comrades, shouting out: "Keep them safe for me, Jack Burton! It may be the mother. Wait for me, mates!" and with a leap he plunged into the sea.

Jack made gallant efforts for a time, but returning alone, worn out with his fruitless exertions, he was taken into the boat. If, after that, in the severe cold, he remembered his jacket, it was only to take real comfort in knowing that the "little kids" were wrapped in it safe and sound. In the darkness and confusion he had not been able to see who had thrown the babies to him, but the noble-hearted sailor resolved to be faithful to his trust, and never to lose sight of them until he could leave them safe with some of their own kindred.

All night, in the bitter cold, the boat that carried the two babies had tossed with the waves, the men using their oars as well as they could, working away from the rocks out to the open sea, and hoping that daylight might reveal some passing vessel. All, excepting the babies, suffered keenly; these, wrapped from head to feet in the sailor's jacket, and tucked in between the shivering women, slept soundly, while their preserver, scorning even in his drenched condition to feel the need of his warm garment, did his best at the oars.

With the first streaks of dawn a speck appeared on the horizon that at last proved to be the "Cumberland," a fishing-vessel bound for New York. Everything now depended upon being able

to attract her attention. One of the women, who had on a large white woolen mantle, snatched it off, begging the men to raise it as a signal of distress. As soon as practicable, they hoisted the garment upon an oar, and, heavy and wet though it was, waved it wildly in the air.

"She's seen us!" cried Sailor Jack at last. "Hooray! She's headin' straight for us!"

And so she was.

Once safely on board, Sailor Jack had time to reflect on his somewhat novel position—a jolly tar, as he expressed it, with two helpless little kids to take ashore as salvage. That the babies did not now belong to him never entered his mind; they were his twins, to be cared for and to keep, he insisted, till the "Cumberland" should touch shore; and his to keep and care for ever after, unless somebody with a better right and proof positive should meet him in New York and claim them, or else that some of their relatives should be saved in one of the other boats.

So certain was he of his rights, that when the captain's wife, who happened to be on board, offered to care for the little creatures, he, concealing his helplessness, accepted her kindness with a lordly air and as though it were really a favor on his part. "Them twins is Quality," he would say, "and I can't have 'em meddled with till I find the grand folks they belong to. Wash their leetle orphan faces, you may—feed 'em, you may—and keep 'em warm, you may, but their leetle night-gownds and petticoats an' caps has got to stay just as they are, to indentify 'em; and this ere gimcrack on the leetle miss—gold it is, you may well say" (touching the chain on the baby's neck admiringly)—"this ere gimcrack likely 's got a legal consequence to its folks, which I could n't and would n't undertake to state."

Meantime the sailors would stand around, looking reverently at the babies, until the kind-hearted woman, with Jack's gracious permission, would tenderly soothe the little ones to sleep.

Among the survivors of the wreck, none could give much information concerning the babies. Only two were women, and one of these lay ill in a rough bunk through the remainder of the voyage, raving in her fever of the brother who bent anxiously over her. (In her delirium, she imagined that he had been drowned on that terrible night.) Sailor Jack held the twins before her, but she took no notice of them. Her brother knew nothing about them or of any of the passengers. He had been a fireman on the wrecked vessel, and scarcely had been on deck from the hour of starting until the moment of the wreck. The other rescued woman had seen a tall nurse with two very young infants in her lap, and a pale mother dressed in

black standing near them; and she remembered hearing some one say that there was another mother with a baby on board, and that the two mothers were sisters or relatives of some kind, and that the one with twins had recently become a widow. That was all. Beyond vaguely wondering how any one could think of taking such mites of humanity across the ocean, she had given no more thought to them. Of the men, hardly one had even known of the existence of the three wee passengers, the only babies on board, as they had been very seldom taken on deck. The two mothers were made so ill by the voyage that they rarely left their state-rooms. Mr. Robertson, Kate's husband, was known by sight to all as a tall, handsome man, though very restless and anxious-looking; but, being much devoted to his wife and child, he had spoken to very few persons on board the vessel.

Jack never wearied of making inquiries among the survivors, but this was all he could find out. He was shrewd enough, however, to ask them to write their names and addresses for him personally, so that, if the twins' people (as he called them) ever were found, they could in turn communicate with the survivors, as they naturally would want to inquire about "the other baby and its poor father, and the two mothers, one of which was a widow in mournin'—poor soul! and the nurse-girl, all drowned and gone."

Long weeks afterward, one other boat was heard from—the only other one that was ever found. Its freight of human beings, only seven in all, had passed through great privation and danger, but they finally had been taken aboard a steamer going east. The list of persons saved in this boat had been in due time received by Mr. Reed, who, after careful investigation, at last ascertained to a certainty that they all were adults, and that neither Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, nor Wolcott Reed's widow, were of the number. He communicated in person or by letter with all of them excepting one, and that one was a woman, who was described as a tall, dark-complexioned girl, a genteel servant, who had been several times seen, as three of the men declared, pacing up and down the deck of the ill-fated vessel during the early part of its voyage, carrying a "bundled-up" baby in her arms. She had given her name as Ellen Lee, had accepted assistance from the ship's company, and finally she had been traced by Mr. Reed's clerk, Henry Wakeley, to an obscure boarding-house in Liverpool. Going there to see her, Mr. Wakeley had been told that she was "out," and calling there again, late on the same day, he learned that she had paid her bill and "left for good," four hours before.

After that, all efforts to find her, both on the

part of the clerk and of Mr. Reed, had been unavailing; though to this day, as the latter assured Donald, detectives in Liverpool and London had her name and description as belonging to a person "to be found."

"But do they know your address?" asked Donald.

"Oh, yes, I shall be notified at once if any news is heard of her; but after all these years there is hardly a possibility of that. Ellen Lees are plentiful enough. It is not an uncommon name, I find; but that particular Ellen Lee seems to have vanished from the earth."

CHAPTER XXVII.

DELIA OR DOROTHY?



Donald listened to his uncle by the study-window, on that starlight evening, part of the strange story was familiar to him; many things that he had heard from Sailor Jack rose in his memory and blended with Mr. Reed's words. He needed only a hint of the shipwreck to have the scene vividly before him. He and Dorry had often heard of it and of their first coming to Nestletown. They knew that Uncle George had established his claim to the babies very easily, as these and the one that was lost were the only babies among the passengers, and that he had brought them and Sailor Jack home with him from New York; that Jack had been induced to give up the sea and to remain with Mr. Reed ever since; and that they, the twins, had grown up together the happiest brother and sister in that part of the country, until the long, lank man had come to mar their happiness, and Uncle had been mysteriously bothered, and had seemed sometimes to be almost afraid of Dorry. But now Donald learned of the doubts that from the first had perplexed Mr. Reed; of the repeated efforts that he had made to ascertain which one of the three babies had been lost; how he had been baffled again and again, until at last he had given himself up to a dull hope that the little girl who had become so dear was really his brother's child, and joint heir to his and his brother's estates; and how Eben Slade actually had come to claim her, threatening to blight the poor child with the discovery that she might perhaps be *his* niece, Delia Robertson, and not Dorothy Reed at all.

Poor Donald! Dorry had been so surely his

sister that until now he had taken his joy in her as a matter of course—as a part of his existence, bright, and necessary as light and air, and never questioned. She was Dorry, not Delia—Delia, the poor little cousin who was lost; certainly not. She was Dorry and he was Donald. If she was not Dorry, then who was he? Who was Uncle George? Who were all the persons they knew, and what did everything in life mean?

No, he would not give her up—he could not. Something within him resented the idea, then scouted it, and finally set him up standing before his uncle, so straight, so proud in his bearing, so joyfully scornful of anything that threatened to take his sister away from him, that Mr. George rose also and waited for him to speak, as though Donald's one word must settle the question forever.

"Well, my boy?"

"Uncle, I am absolutely sure of it. Our Dorry is Dorothy Reed—here with us alive and well, and I mean to prove it!"

"God grant it, Donald!"

"Well, Uncle, I must go now to bring my sister home. Of course, I shall not tell her a word of what has passed between us this evening. That scoundrel! to think of his intending to tell her that she was his sister's child! Poor Dot! think of the shock to her. Just suppose he had convinced her, made her think that it was true, that it was her duty to go with him, care for him, and all that—Why, Uncle, with her spirit and high notions of right, even you and I could n't have stopped her; she'd have gone with him, if it killed her!"

"Donald!" exclaimed Mr. Reed, fiercely, "you're talking nonsense!"

"So I am—sheer nonsense! The man has n't an argument in his favor. But, Uncle, there is a great deal yet to be looked up. After Dot has bidden us good-night and is fast asleep, may I not come down here to the study again? Then you can show me the things you were speaking of—the pictures, the letters, the chain, the little clothes, the hair, and everything—especially that list, you know. We'll go carefully over every point. There *must* be proof somewhere."

Donald was so radiant with a glad confidence that for an instant his uncle looked at him as one inspired. Then sober thoughts returned; objections and arguments crowded into Mr. Reed's mind, but he had no opportunity to utter them. Donald clasped his uncle's hand warmly and was off, bounding down the moon-flecked carriage-way, the new dog leaping after him. Both apparently were intent only on enjoying a brisk walk toward the village, and on bringing Dorry home.

Dorry was very tired. Leaning upon Donald's

arm as they walked homeward—for they had declined Mr. McSwiver's services—she had but little to say, and that little was all about the strange adventure at Vanbogen's.

"Who in the world was that man, Don?" and then, without waiting for a reply, she continued: "Do you know, after I started for home, I really suspected that he was that horrid person—the long, lank one, you know—come back again. I'm glad it was n't; but he may turn up yet, just as he did before. Why does n't he stay with his own people and not wander about like a lunatic? They ought to take care of him, any way. Ugh! I can't bear to think of that dreadful man. It gives me cold shivers!"

"Then why *do* you think of him?" suggested Donald, with forced cheerfulness. "Let us talk of something else."

"Very well. Let's talk—let's talk of—of—oh, Don, I'm so tired and sleepy! Suppose we don't talk at all!"

"All right," he assented. And so in cordial silence they stepped lightly along in the listening night, to the great surprise of Watch, who at first whined and capered by way of starting a conversation, and finally contented himself with exploring every shadowed recess along the moonlit road, running through every opening that offered, waking sleeping dogs in their kennels, and in fact taking upon himself an astonishing amount of business for a new-comer into the neighborhood, who naturally would be excused from assuming entire charge of things.

Mr. Reed met Don and Dorry on the piazza. Greetings and good-nights were soon over; and before long, Dorry, in her sweet, sound sleep, forgot alike the pleasures and adventures of the day.

Meantime, Mr. Reed and Donald were busily engaged in examining old family ambrotypes, papers, and various articles that, carefully hidden in the uncle's secretary, had been saved all these years in the hope that they might furnish a clew to Dorry's parentage, or perhaps prove that she was, as Mr. Reed trusted, the daughter of his brother Wolcott. To Donald each article was full of interest and hopeful possibilities, but his uncle looked at them wearily and sadly, because their very familiarity made them disappointing to him. There were the little caps and baby-garments, yellow, rumpled, and weather-stained, just as they had been taken off and carefully labeled on that day nearly fifteen years ago. (Donald noticed that one parcel of these was marked, "The boy, Donald," and the other simply "The girl.") There were the photographs of the two babies, which had been taken a week after their landing, labeled in the same way—poor, pinched, expres-

sionless-looking little creatures, both of them—for, as Uncle George explained to the slightly crest-fallen Donald, the babies were really ill at first from exposure and unsuitable feeding. Then there were the two tiny papers containing hair, and these also were marked, one, "The boy, Donald," and the other simply "The girl." Donald's had only a few pale brown hairs, short ones, but "the girl's" paper, when opened, disclosed a soft, yellow little curl.

"She had more than you had," remarked Uncle George, as he carefully closed the paper again; "you'll see that, also, by the descriptive list that I wrote at the time. Here it is."

Donald glanced over the paper, as if intending to read it later, and then took up the chain with a square clasp, the same that Uncle George held in his hand when we saw him in the study on the day of the shooting-match. Three delicate strands of gold chain came together at the clasp, which was still closed. It was prettily embossed on its upper surface, while its under side was smooth.

"Was this on Dor—on *her* neck or on mine, Uncle?" he asked.

"On the little girl's," said Mr. Reed. "In fact, she wore it until she was a year old, and then her dear little throat grew to be so chubby, Lydia fancied that the chain was too tight. The catch of the clasp seemed to have rusted inside, and it would not open. So, rather than break it, we severed the three chains here across the middle. I've since——"

Donald, who was holding the clasp toward the light, cut short his uncle's remark with the joyful exclamation:

"Why, see here! The under side has letters on it. D. R.—D for Dorothy."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Reed, impatiently, "but D stands for Delia, too."

"But the R," insisted Donald; "D. R., Dorothy Reed—it's plain as day. Oh!" he added quickly, in a changed tone, "that does n't help us, after all; for R would stand for Robertson as well as for Reed. But then, in some way or other such a chain as this ought to help us. It's by no means a common chain. I never saw one like it before."

"Nor I," said Mr. Reed.

By this time, Donald had taken up "the girl's" little garments again. Comparing them with "Donald's" as well as he could, considering his uncle's extreme care that the two sets should not get mixed, he said, with a boy's helplessness in such matters: "They're about alike. I do not see any difference between them, except in length. Hoho! these little flannel sacques are of a different color—mine is blue and hers is pink."

"I know that," his uncle returned, despondingly.

"For a long time I hoped that this difference would lead to some discovery, but nothing came of it. Take care! don't lay it down; give it to me" (holding out his hand for the pink sacque, and very carefully folding it up with "the girl's" things).

"How strange! And you wrote at once, you say, and sent somebody right over to Europe to find out everything?"

"Not only sent my confidential clerk, Henry Wakeley, over at once," replied Mr. Reed, "but, when he returned without being able to give any satisfaction, I went myself. I was over there two months—as long as I could just then be away from my affairs and from you two babies. Lydia was faithfulness itself and needed no oversight, even had a rough bachelor like me been capable of giving it; but I—I felt better to be at home, where I could see how you were getting along. As Liddy and Jack and everybody else always spoke of you as 'the twins,' my hope that you were indeed brother and sister became a sort of habit that often served to beguile me into actual belief."

"Humph! well it might," said Donald, rather indignantly. "Of course we're brother and sister."

"Certainly," assented Mr. Reed, with pathetic heartiness, "no doubt of it; and yet I would give, I can not say how much, to be—well, absolutely certain."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DON RESOLVES TO SETTLE MATTERS.



FOR a time, an outsider looking on would have seen no great change at Lakewood, as the Reed homestead was called. There were the same studies, the same sports; the same every-day life with its in-comings, its out-goings, its breakfasts, dinners, and pleasant home-scenes; there were drives, out-door games, and sails and rambles and visits; Uncle George always willing to take part when he could leave his books and papers; and Lydia, busy attending to household matters, often finding time to teach her young lady some of the mysteries of the kitchen.

"It's high time Miss Dorry learned these things, even if she is to be a grand lady, for she'll be the mistress of this house in time; and if anything should happen to me, I don't know where things would go to. Besides, as Mr. G. truly says, every lady should understand housekeeping. So,

Miss Dorry, dear, if you please to do so, we'll bake bread and cake on Saturday, and I'll show you at to-morrow's ironin' how we get Mr. G.'s shirt-bosoms so lovely and smooth; and, if you please, you can iron one for him, all with your own pretty hands, Miss."

As a consequence of such remarks, Mr. G. sometimes found himself eating, with immense relish, cake that had only "just a least little heavy streak in the middle," or wearing linen that, if any one but Dorry had ironed it, would have been cast aside as not fit to put on.

But what matter! Dorry's voice was sweet and merry as ever, her step as light and her heart even more glad; for Uncle was always his dear, good self now, and had no mysterious moods and startling surprises of manner for his little girl. In fact, he was wonderfully relieved by having shared his secret with Donald. The boy's stout-hearted, manly way of seeing the bright side of things and scouting all possible suspicions that Dorry was not Dorry, gave Mr. Reed strength and a peace that he had not known for years. Dorry, prettier, brighter, and sweeter every day, was the delight of the household—her very faults to their partial eyes added to her charm; for, according to Lydia, "they were uncommon innocent and funny, Miss Dorry's ways were." In fact, the young lady, who had a certain willfulness of her own, would have been spoiled to a certainty but for her scorn of affectation, her love of truth, and genuine faithfulness to whatever she believed to be right.

Donald, on his part, was too boyish to be utterly cast down by the secret that stood between him and Dorry; but his mind dwelt upon it despite his efforts to dismiss every useless doubt.

Fortunately, Eben Slade had not again made his appearance in the neighborhood. He had left Vanbogen's immediately after Jack had paid his rough compliments to him, and he had not been seen there since. But, at any moment, he might re-appear at Lakewood and carry out his threat of obtaining an interview with Dorry. This Donald dreaded of all things, and he resolved that it should not come to pass. How to prevent it was the question. He and his uncle agreed that she must be spared not only all knowledge of the secret, but all anxiety or suspicion concerning her history; and they and Jack kept a constant lookout for the disagreeable intruder.

Day by day, when alone, Donald pondered over the case, resolved upon establishing his sister's identity, recalling again and again all that his uncle had told him, and secretly devising plans that grew more and more settled in his mind as time went on. Jack, who had been in Mr. Reed's confidence from the first, was now taken

fully into Donald's. He was proud of the boy's fervor, but had little hope. Fourteen, nearly fifteen, years was a long time, and if Ellen Lee had hidden herself successfully in 1859 and since, why could she not do so still? Donald had his own opinion. Evidently she had some reason for hiding, or fancied she had; but she must be found, and if so, why should not he, Donald Reed, find her? Yes, there was no other way. His mind was made up. Donald was studying logic at the time, and had committed pages of it to memory in the most dutiful manner. To be sure, while these vital plans were forming in his brain, he did not happen to recall any page of the logic that exactly fitted the case, but in some way he flattered himself that he had become rather expert in the art of thinking and of balancing ideas.

"A fellow can't do more than use his wits, after all," he said to himself, "and this getting fitted for college and expecting to go to Columbia College next year, as Uncle says I may, will do well enough *afterward*; but at present we've something else to attend to."

And, to make a long story not too long and tedious, the end of it was that one bright day, months

after that memorable afternoon at Vanbogen's, Donald, after many earnest interviews in the interim, obtained his uncle's unwilling consent that he should sail alone for England in the next steamer.

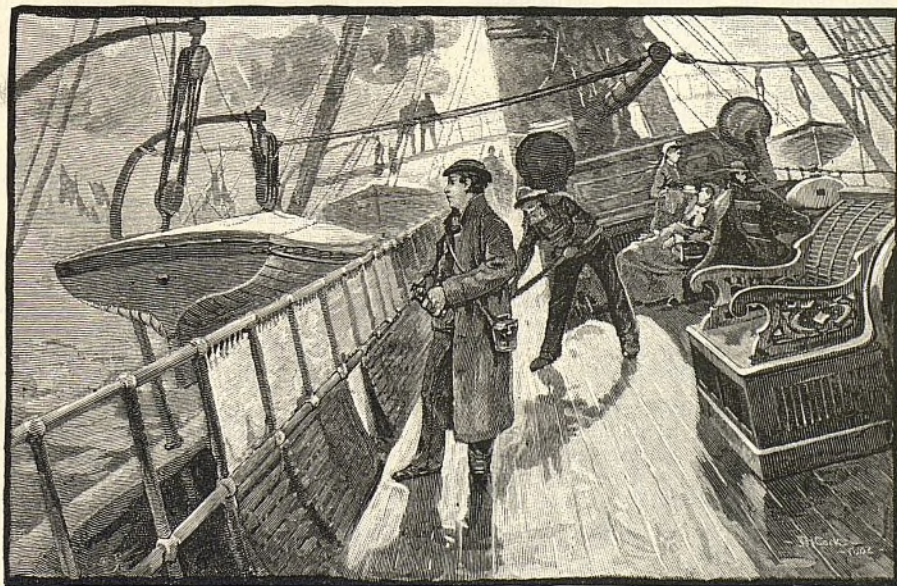
Poor Dorry—glad if Don was glad, but totally ignorant of his errand—was too amazed at the bare announcement of the voyage to take in the idea at all.

Lydia, horrified, was morally sure that the boy never would come back alive.

Sailor Jack, on his sea-legs in an instant, gave his unqualified approbation of the scheme.

Uncle George, unconvinced but yielding, answered Donald's questions, agreed that Dorry should be told simply that his uncle was sending him on important business, allowed him to make copies of letters, lists, and documents, even trusted some of the long-guarded and precious relics to his keeping; furnished money, and, in fact, helped him all he could; then resolved the boy should not go after all; and finally, holding Dorry's cold hand as they stood a few days later on the crowded city wharf, bade him good-bye and God bless him!

(To be continued.)



OFF FOR EUROPE.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Now is the time to put your thermometers in ice-water, my friends. They can not be kept too cool,—for my birds tell me that, in August, the moment an English or American thermometer feels the heat, it straightway lets the fact be known; and the moment the fact *is* known, the weather gets the blame of it.

Now, that's too bad!

It's surprising how much a willing-minded Jack-in-the-Pulpit may get from his birds. The keen little observers, you see, not knowing any better, peep from vines and tree-tops into people's windows, and in that way really learn a good deal about human nature.

Sometimes I fancy that is what makes them sing so joyfully, for human nature at its best is quite enough to make every bird in creation happy. Don't you say so, my hearers?

A LITTLE EXERCISE.

YES, here's a little exercise for you, my dears, but—your Jack's word for it, in advance—not too severe for even this warm vacation month. All you have to do is to turn the pages of a Webster's or a Worcester's Unabridged, and I've reliable information that—if you know how—you can do that in such a way as to fan yourselves with the breeze from the leaves while you're searching for your word.

This exercise comes from the Little School-ma'am's friend, Cornelia Lesser, who sent it to her, and now she, in turn, sends it to your Jack. "It is quite easy and simple, dear Jack," writes the learned little lady, "as it is merely a story in verse containing a number of words that are not now in general use. Please tell your young friends from me that, no matter how queer and foreign the verses may look at first sight, if they will turn to

the dictionary for each of these strange words, as they come to it, and then pencil the definition above the word itself, they will find a complete and quite simple story in the verses when they come to re-read them with the Dictionary meanings substituted for the queer-looking words."

A DICKER OF DOWLES.

ONCE a culver roiled a corby,
Chiding his furacious prowls;
And the corby from the culver
Tozed in wrath a dicker of dowles.

"Give me back my dowles, O Corby!
Tozed from me with cruel force."
"When you bring a cogue of cullis,
Fribble Culver, we will scorse!"

Through the dorp beyond the hill-top,
To appease the knaggy rook,
Flew the culver; spied some cullis
Left to cool, and to the cook:

"Let me have a cogue of cullis,
Daff me not with angry scowls,
I will take it to the corby
And get back my dicker of dowles."

"Fetch me first a trug of cobbles,"
Said the cook; and, undismayed,
To the collier sped the culver,
And a trug of cobbles prayed:

"Collier, give a trug of cobbles
For the cook, who'll give to me
Cullis for the edacious corby,
Then I'll once more heppen be."

"Fetch me first a knitch of chatwood,
Culver," said the collier grim.
Culver sought a frim woodmonger
And the chatwood begged of him.

"Give to me a knitch of chatwood,
From the collier that will buy
For the cook a trug of cobbles,
Then with cullis I will fly

To the roiled, dicacious corby,
And he'll give me back once more
All my pretty dowles, the dicker
That he tozed from me before."

"You shall have the knitch of chatwood
If you'll through the hortyard pass,
And this rory croceous pansy
Give to yonder sonsy lass."

Through the hortyard twired the culver,
With the rory croceous paunce;
Hattle, cocket, vafrous, pawky,
Hoiting, chirring, did advance.

There, beside a muxy dosser,
With a spaddle in her hand
Cruddled close the sonsy lassie
Whin excerpting from her land.

Down he dropped the paunce so rory,
Degging her with dew-drops sweet;
Back he flew to the woodmonger,
Claiming chatwood for the feat.

Next he this, the knitch of chatwood,
Quickly to the collier took;
Collier gave the trug of cobbles
Which won cullis from the cook.

Back, then, with the cogue of cullis—
Cullis made from fubby fowls—
Flew the culver, and the corby
Gave to him his dicker of dowles.

Now for it! Who will be the first to send me word of having successfully read this queer specimen of English verse?

A YOUNG GARDENER.

HERE is a letter from Lynn S. Abbott, Esq., a young gentleman who evidently is not afraid of work, and has no objection to stating the fact. He wrote it to ST. NICHOLAS when the editors printed some little black pictures and asked for stories about them for the Very Little Folk, and Deacon Green, taking a fancy to the little man, obtained permission to show the letter to us—that is, to you and your Jack.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have chosen the picture of the little gardener as the subject for my story. I know considerable about gardening. My garden was planted to vegetables. I raised cantaloupes, water-melons, sweet potatoes, and pop-corn. I spent many days hoeing and weeding them, and they were hot summer days. I thought of the harvest, when I could have them at my pleasure; though the cantaloupes were a failure, the pop-corn yielded very well. When I came to gather my crops, I saw it paid me well for my trouble, and we have had pop-corn all winter. I would like to take care of flowers also, and see them blossom, and smell their sweet odor. But I had no ground to grow flowers, so I grew only vegetables. Besides, I have had no experience in growing flowers. I wish that every little boy and girl could have a vegetable garden, for it affords so much pleasure. I suppose that every one would like a garden of either kind. And this is my story.

LYNN S. ABBOTT (aged nine).

A TWO-LEGGED STEED.

AN artist with a lively fancy sends me a picture of his favorite steed, so to speak, and says I may show it to you, my chicks—so here it is.

It strikes me that this mode of riding is no more peculiar or out of the way than bicycling, and certainly the gentleman in the picture seems to be having an easier time of it than some of the boy-

bicyclers who dash past my meadow these hot days. And I'm informed by birds well acquainted with this two-legged steed that he would give a trained bicyclist a close contest in the matter of speed. Ostriches, they say, are remarkably fast travelers, for birds that can't fly, and it's a good horse that can overtake one in a fair race.

THAT "CLOUDY SATURDAY" QUESTION.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., May 28, 1882.

DEAR JACK: In ST. NICHOLAS for May the statement was made by "L. B. G." that "there is only one Saturday in the year when the sun does not shine some part of the day." This is a mistake, for, since that number of ST. NICHOLAS came out, there have been two Saturdays when the sun has not shone at all—May 13th and 20th being the days.

ALFRED C. P.

Alfred's answer seems to be complete and satisfactory, and, in your Jack's humble opinion, settles the question concerning the sun's dealings with the Saturdays. There's nothing like *facts* in such matters, I find.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WATERLOO, N. Y., May 8, 1882.

DEAR JACK: I think I have found the correct answer asked by F. in ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1878: "When did the ancients leave off and the moderns begin?" I think the "ancients left off" at the fall of Rome, 476 A. D., and the "moderns began" at the close of the Middle Ages, in the fifteenth century. Will you please tell me whether I am right or not?

Yours truly, L. K.

Thank you, my little girl. Jack will show your letter to the other girls and boys, and if you do not hear from them to the contrary right away, you will know that your answer is right.



A TWO-LEGGED STEED.



"NOW, SUSIE, YOU CAN REST WHILE I FINISH IT. I 'M GOING TO MAKE IT THE BIGGEST HILL IN THE WORLD."

LITTLE-FOLK STORIES.

[DEAR LITTLE FOLKS: We think you will like these stories that three kind friends of about eleven years of age have written for you, to explain the pretty black pictures that were printed in *St. NICHOLAS* for April, page 497. As some of you may not have that number of *St. NICHOLAS* to look at, we give you the same pictures made small. You will see that Mildred and Violet each tell about one picture, but Willie mentions them all.—THE EDITOR.]

NEDDIE AND LILLIE MELVILLE.

BY MILDRED E. T.

"COME, Neddie," said Lillie, "put down your toy horse that the kind lady gave you, and let us wind this worsted for Mother. You know, ever since Father was lost at sea, she has to knit stockings at night and sell them to buy us bread. Let us wind the worsted so she will not have so much trouble."

So Neddie put down his toy horse, and gladly ran to hold the skein for his sister.

After a while Mrs. Melville came home, but she stopped on the doorstep and stood still—for she thought how a merciful God had blessed

her. She said: "Look in there at the children!" But who was it that she was talking to? Mr. Melville! It was all a mistake about his being drowned, and he had come home to his wife and children.

HERBIE'S GARDENING.

BY VIOLET.

HERBIE was a little boy seven years old. His real name was Herbert, but they called him Herbie for short. This little Herbie was very fond of flowers, and he loved to watch his sisters, Clara and Bertha, with their plants.

One spring, when they were planting some seeds and raking their beds, and asked him to help them about some of the work, he thought: "Now, I'd like to know why I can't have a garden just as well as the girls;" and he went and asked his mother for a bed,—"'cause, you see," he said, "the girls have 'em, and I'd like to know why I can't."

"You can, my boy, if you will be faithful and attend to your plants, water them, and weed them, even though you want to do something else. Will you?"

"I'll try, Mamma," said Herbie; and his mother knew that his "I'll try" meant that he *would* try.

The next day he was given a little bed and some seeds, and Mamma, Clara, and Bertha showed Herbie how to make his bed, rake it, plant it, and water it. It soon grew to be a pleasant task to Herbie, and he got so he dearly loved to tend his flowers. But when the warm weather came, and school was out, he was very much tempted to go and play with the boys; but Mamma's cheery words of help, and above all his "I'll try," and even the twitter of the birds that seemed to say, "Keep on, keep on," helped him, and he did "keep on."

Every day he would water his plants, and when his garden was in bloom he felt fully repaid for all his care.

There were geraniums, petunias, roses, mignonettes, pansies, and many other lovely and sweet flowers. Those are long, hard names, are n't they? Get some one to say them for you.



Herbie, when he had all his flowers grown, could make beautiful bouquets to put in the parlor or give to his friends, which the other boys could not do; and he considered this, his first attempt at gardening, a great success, and thought he would surely try it again; and Mamma softly whispered:

"I am glad I have a little boy who can say 'I'll try' and *mean* it."

FANNIE AND JOHNNY.

BY WILLIE D. O.

THESE little children's names are Fannie and Johnny. They are brother and sister, and love each other dearly. Johnny is the youngest of the two, and is always very glad to help Fannie in any way that he can. So in the first picture we see him holding some worsted on his hands for her to wind. They are both very good children, and help their mamma and papa a great deal. If a cup of coffee is wanted, Fannie does not wait to be told to get it, but jumps up and says, "Let me get you some coffee, Mamma." She has a pet kitten, and it never goes hungry, for she is very careful that her pussy shall have all it wants.

Johnny tries to help, too, and sometimes brings things to his papa. In the next picture we see Johnny playing horse with a chair. We see, too, that he has a cannon planted in front of him, and that on his head he has a cap, which looks very much as if he was a captain in the army, but he is rather too young to be that, don't you think so? Now we see Fannie coming home from the store, where she has been on an errand for her mamma, and in her hand she has a bandbox, which, I guess, has a new hat in it. What do we see now? Why! Master Johnny has turned gardener, and is watering the flower-bed. By his side lies his rake, and behind him there are some birds which are trying to see what that little boy is doing. The next time we see Johnny he is painting, and the last time we shall look at our little friend he is making a bridge out of blocks.

Nearly three hundred stories were written and sent in by older brothers and sisters in response to the invitation on page 497 of the April number of this magazine, and ST. NICHOLAS thanks one and all most heartily for the kind attention. Many of the stories are excellent in some respects, but not suited to very little readers; and others, that have the great merit of simplicity, are not quite up to the desired standard. Therefore, we print, just as they were sent, the above three as being the best, considering the required conditions and the ages of the writers. The competition has been so close that it is very difficult to make the selection. Indeed, if space permitted, we would give many others and a long roll of honor, containing the names of those children whose work deserves praise. As it is, we must confine ourselves to three stories, and specially mention only "Alice and Marion," ten and eleven years old, who sent in a little story written in three languages (French, German, and English), and little Oliver E. and Emily M., two eight-year-olds, whose stories are too good to be passed by in silence.

THE LETTER-BOX.

For the interesting illustrations, in this number, of the interior of the home of Sir Walter Scott, we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. George W. Wilson & Co., of Aberdeen, Scotland, who kindly allowed us to copy these pictures from a series of very beautiful photographs of Abbotsford, issued by their house.

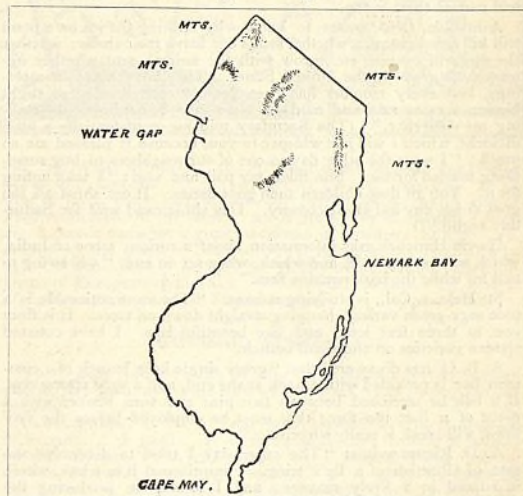
READERS of the exciting story of "How Joe Bently won a Bouquet from the Queen of Portugal" may be interested to know that the narrative is founded on fact. The author's letter concerning it says: "The account is essentially true, and based upon an actual occurrence. A young man belonging to the United States man-of-war Trenton once saved the life of a bull-fighter, in the ring at Lisbon, by throwing the animal in the manner described in this story." Nevertheless, ST. NICHOLAS would caution the average American boy against making a daily practice of similar performances.

DELIA M. L. SHERRILL: You will find an explanation of the "little white things" covering a "large green worm found on the woodbine" in Mrs. Ballard's "Insect Lives," under the title of "A Hundred to One."

READER: The first and second volumes of ST. NICHOLAS are out of print.

ALTA: A competent authority to whom we have referred your question says that the coins mentioned are of no great value, and would not be likely to find a purchaser.

A CORRESPONDENT sent us last month, as a Fourth of July item, this interesting sketch, showing that, by a slight exaggeration of outline, the map of the State of New Jersey may be made to form a respectable portrait of George Washington:



THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—SEVENTEENTH REPORT.

AGASSIZ'S BIRTHDAY.

THE Lenox Chapter celebrated the birthday of Professor Agassiz by an excursion and picnic by the side of Stockbridge Bowl. An essay on the life of the great naturalist was read, also a history of the A. A. Many interesting specimens were found, and the pleasure of the day was many times multiplied by the thought that so many of the rest of you were uniting with us in honoring a grand and good man. Doubtless many others observed the day, but we have heard from the following only: Warren, Me., Brooklyn, N. Y. (B), Easton, Pa. (C), Davenport, Iowa, Depere, Wis., Hyde Park, Mass., Philadelphia, Pa. (C), Hoosac, N. Y., Lansing, Mich., Independence, Kan.

Longfellow's poem on Agassiz's fiftieth birthday is especially appropriate for reading or recitation on the 28th of May.

The highest number on our register is now 3,395, and new Chapters are forming like pop-corn over fresh coals. So much of our space is necessarily devoted to the list of Chapters that we can give only the most concise epitome of the hundreds of interesting reports which have cheered us during the month, many of which richly deserve to appear in full.

Chapter 292 dwells on "a prairie covered with flowers which we are trying to analyze." The London, Eng., Chapter has a new idea. "Once a month we take turns in giving a lecture to our friends. Several ladies and gentlemen attend, and do all they can to help us."

A LETTER FROM IRELAND.

You will be pleased, I am sure, to hear that we have formed a Chapter of the "Agassiz Association" in Dublin. We meet once a fortnight and are growing rapidly, having nearly thirty members already. We have chosen a bright crimson ribbon for our badge. It is to have shamrock-leaves and the initials A. A. worked on it with silver thread. Great enthusiasm is manifested in collecting specimens.

ELLEN J. WOODWARD, Sec.,

5 Carlton Terrace, Upper Rathmines, Dublin.

[Letters reporting the organization of this Chapter in Dublin, and the London Chapter, reached us by the same mail. Rose and Shamrock are heartily welcome. May we not have a Thistle?]

WILKESBARRE, PA., CHAPTER 77.

Since our last letter, our Chapter has grown from five to eighteen members, and the meetings are well attended. Our principal study has been conchology. We have studied, too, about minerals, and after we know a little chemistry we are going to learn more. We are pretty familiar with quartz in its crystallized and amorphous forms, and recognize micas and some feldspar. Our collection is all arranged, labeled, and catalogued, and we have duplicate minerals and shells for exchange. A silver medal was awarded by our Chapter to Arthur Hillman, for best solution of ST. NICHOLAS questions for January, 1882, and to Helen Reynolds, for best solution of same for March. We have a balance in the treasury and want to buy a picture of Professor Agassiz. Can you tell us where one can be had, and the price?

HELEN REYNOLDS.

BUFFALO, May 13, 1882.

We now number twenty-two active members, with the names of several more candidates for admission before the committee. Last Friday evening we celebrated the anniversary of the establishment of our Chapter. Just a year ago, four of us, enthusiastic over the plan suggested in the ST. NICHOLAS, met for the first time to try to form a branch of the A. A. in Buffalo. Now, as the result of our efforts, we have a delightful company of interested workers, all alive to the beauties of Nature, and eager to study her wonders. The entire club is busy preparing for an entertainment, the object of which is to buy a microscope. We have \$11.50 in the bank already, but \$50 remains to be gained, as we wish to procure a good instrument.

CORA FREEMAN, Cor. Sec. B. C. A. A.

Linville H. Wardwell, Secretary of Chapter 127, Beverly, Mass., writes that they are raising a large number of butterflies and moths from the larva state, and will take notes upon their transformation. Entomological correspondence desired.

Andrew Allen, of Newburyport, Mass., reports his Chapter so enthusiastic that it required seven meetings in April to satisfy the members. A live alligator is their pride.

Chapter C, Washington, D. C., through its secretary, Emily K. Newcomb, sends a well-written, business-like report. The regulation badge has been adopted.

William Carter, Chapter 123 A, Waterbury, Conn., says: "We have now about one hundred and ten different kinds of minerals on our shelves, and have introduced debates at each meeting."

Harry E. Sawyer, Secretary of Chapter 112 A, South Boston, Mass., says: "We have about one hundred and twenty-five differ-

ent kinds of minerals, thirty shells, etc., thirty kinds of eggs, and a few insects, almost all collected in less than ten months, and we expect to greatly enlarge our collection this spring and summer.

Luther Moffitt's Chapter of nine-year-olds is especially welcome.

Nashua A is among the wise. It has started a library. We hope that many valuable public libraries may be started by the A. A.

Hugh Stone and his sister have found a flying-squirrel's nest. It contained three young squirrels rolled up in a ball of grass. They squeaked just like a new shoe, until their mother sailed down from a tree, took them by the back of the neck, as a cat takes her kittens, and carried them away.

Ashtabula, Ohio, wants to know why striking the ice on a pond will kill fish beneath; whether snails can leave their shells; whether the shells of oysters, etc., grow with the animal, and whether *Ligum vittae* grows in the United States. They have had four meetings, and every member has been present each time—"so slight hinderances as rain and mud—in some cases two miles of it—making no difference." (The Secretary told me confidentially a little incident, which I will just whisper to you, because it pleased me so much: "I went the other day to one of our neighbors to buy something needed for use. She filled my pail and said: 'I take noting for it. You gif dose children such goot dimes. It ces shust all the goot dimes dey haf in dis cuntry. Dey shust cand wait for Sadur-day night.'")

Harrie Hancock asks information about a curious stone of India, which will bend a little, and which, when set on end, "will swing to and fro while the base remains firm."

St. Helena, Cal., is studying mosses. "The most noticeable is a pale sage-green variety, hanging straight down on trees. It is from one to three feet long, and like beautiful lace. I have counted sixteen varieties on one small branch."

A. B. G. has discovered that "every single little branch of a common bur is provided with a hook at the end, and a very strong one. If a hair be stretched between two pins and then hooked with a piece of a bur, the force that must be employed before the tiny thing will break is really surprising."

A. D. Ristun writes: "The other day I tried to determine the rate of vibration of a fly's wing. I imprisoned it in a box, where it buzzed in a lively manner; and I found, on producing the same tone on my violin, that the insect emitted the 'A' below fundamental 'C.' From this I computed that the fly beat its wings two hundred and thirteen times per second."

Boston B, "to a man," "are keeping aquaria and watching mosquito larvae and dragon-fly larvae preparing to leave the water; also, tadpoles whose legs are visible beneath the skin." The same chapter has a library and a life-size bust of Professor Agassiz. An excursion was recently made to Cambridge, where Agassiz's museum was visited and thoroughly enjoyed.

Providence, R. I., A, is going to hold field-meetings. "My brother and I," writes the Secretary, "knew Professor Agassiz at Penikese Island."

Willie Sheraton (not quite eleven) speaks from Toronto, Canada, to say that he thinks, "when tadpoles turn into frogs, their tails are tucked up underneath." [Some of our Boston (B) aquaria will solve this problem for us.]

BURLINGTON, KAN., June 6th.

One of our members introduced something quite nice, each member receives a topic from the President, to which he reads an answer at the following meeting. For the past week curious birds have been seen near our city. They resemble the black-headed gull; measure twenty-four inches from tip to tip of wing; have very small bodies, jet black head and bill, and their wings very much longer than their tail. Can any one tell me what they are?

P. M. FLOYD, Sec.

EXCHANGES DESIRED.

Pressed flowers correctly named. Correspondence, West and South.—G. C. Baker, Comstock, N. Y.

Pyrites, fossils, ferns, for gold, silver, or copper ore.—Geo. Rowell, Box 208, St. Clair, Pa.

Fossils, for nests and eggs.—Walter M. Patterson, Chapter G, 1010 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ills.

Other minerals, for sapphire, cairngorm, and butterflies.—E. S. Foster, 18 Chestnut St., Boston, Mass.

Iron ore, insects, plants.—Geo. C. McKee, State College, Pa.

Copper carbonate, silver, fossils, and insects, all labeled neatly, for labeled minerals and insects.—Fred. M. Pease, Sec. Chapter 276, 114 W. Sixth St., Kansas City, Mo.

Three-ounce specimens from St. Johns River, for others as heavy.—F. C. Sawyer, Beaulec, Fla.

Manganese ore, for tin or zinc ore.—F. E. Coombs, 634 Q St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Iron ore, for bugs.—J. C. Winne, Sec. Chapter 209, Brownsville, N. Y.

Rare fossils, minerals, and marine specimens, for rare fossils.—H. U. Williams (Chapter B), 163 Delaware St., Buffalo, N. Y. Our Chapter will also offer the following prize: A good specimen of *Euripterus*, seven inches long, for the best *Trilobite* sent within two months after this notice appears.

Iron ore, fossils of Lower Silurian, coal, and pressed flowers.—Fred. Clearwaters, Brazil, Ind.

One variety *Pectea* and several species of *Unio*, and fresh-water snails. Also correspondence on entomology.—John P. Gavit, Sec. Chapter A, 3 Lafayette St., Albany, N. Y.

Eggs, for eggs, and lead ore, for other minerals.—Alvin S. Wheeler, Sec. Chapter 285, Dubuque, Iowa.

Birds' eggs or minerals, for eggs. Write before sending specimens.—Reginald I. Brasher, 107 Sands street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Viola cucullata, for geodes.—Marie Stewart, South Easton, Pa.

Correspondence.—Wm. R. Nichols, Sec. Chapter 288, 10 Hawk street, Albany, N. Y.

Kansas fossils.—P. M. Floyd, Chapter A, Burlington, Kans.

Cecrofia, polyphemus, and promestrea, for other lepidoptera or coleoptera.—C. C. Beale, Sec. Chapter 297, Box 131, Faulkner, Mass.

Petrified wood from California and shells from Sandwich Islands.—Samuel Engs, Newport, R. I.

Petrified moss.—Wm. E. Loy, Eaton, Ohio.

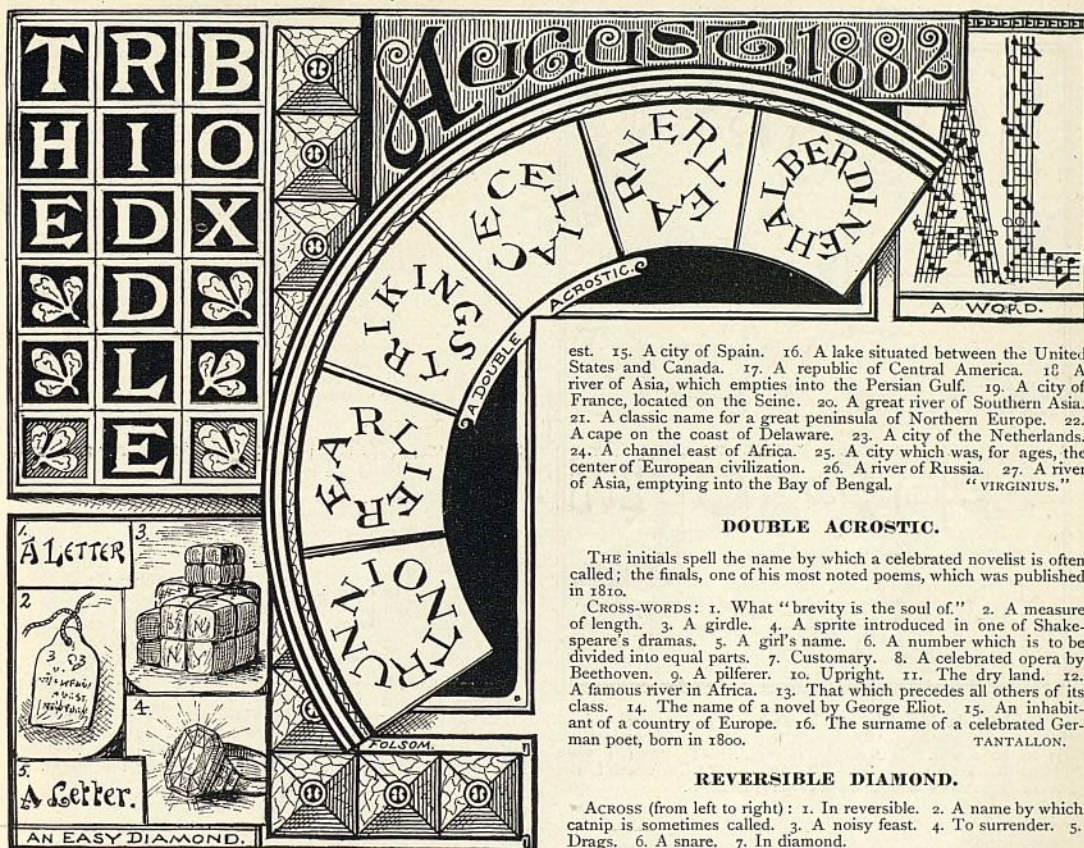
Fortification agates.—John J. O'Connell, Fort Stockton, Texas.

The name of Greenwood Lake, Ky., has been changed, by order of the P. O. D., to Erlanger. Those wishing to exchange with the former "Greenwood Lake" Chapter, for crinoid stones and fossils, please notice.—Lillie M. Bedinger.

Eggs of red-head duck, fish-hawk, willet, and black skimmer, for other rare eggs.—Ch. E. Doe, 28 Wood street, Providence, R. I.

LIST OF NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name of Chapter.	Members.	Address.
250.	Tiffin, O.	Please send it to us.
251.	Saratoga, N. Y. (A)	4.	H. A. Chandler, Box 15.
252.	Nanuet, N. Y. (A)	4.	C. D. Wells.
253.	Poynette, Wis. (A)	6.	Harry Russell.
254.	Fulton, N. Y. (A)	7.	H. C. Howe.
255.	Chester, Pa. (A)	5.	Frank R. Gilbert.
256.	Newton Upper Falls, Mass.	6.	Josie M. Hopkins.
257.	Plantsville, Conn. (B)	4.	L. Jennie Smith.
258.	Reading, Pa.	11.	W. W. Mills, 205 South Fifth St.
259.	Dixon, Ill. (A)	7.	Eddie Shepherd.
260.	Mercer, Pa. (A)	4.	Mrs. H. M. Magoffin.
261.	East Boston, Mass.	11.	Edith M. Buffum, 284 Meridian St.
262.	Denver, Col. (B)	4.	Ernest M. Roberts. Address, please?
263.	Gardiner, Me. (A)	14.	A. C. Brown.
264.	Gainesville, Fla. (A)	8.	Paul E. Rollins.
265.	Indianapolis, Ind. (B)	7.	Cornelia McKay, 156 Ash St.
266.	St. Clair, Pa. (A)	10.	Geo. Powell.
267.	Chicago, Ill. (G)	6.	W. M. Patterson, 1010 Van Buren St.
268.	Thompsonville, Ct. (A)	30.	Alice Briscoe.
269.	Wareham, Mass. (A)	10.	H. M. Humphrey.
270.	Severance, Kan.	7.	Chas. Plank.
271.	Newburyport, Mass. (B)	6.	R. E. Curtis.
272.	Westtown, N. Y. (A)	4.	W. Evans.
273.	Pittsburgh, Pa. (B)	12.	F. K. Gearing, 20th and Sidney Sts.
274.	Hartford, Ct. (D)	5.	Clive Day, 655 Asylum Av.
275.	Washington, D. C. (E)	12.	Ch. Beardsley, Jr., 214 4th, S. E.
276.	Kansas City, Mo. (A)	6.	F. M. Pease, 114 W. 6th.
277.	Altoona, Pa. (A)	6.	Geo. Piper.
278.	E. Pittsburgh, Pa. (C)	4.	J. F. McCune. Address, please?
279.	Easton, Pa. (A)	6.	Augustus Tyler, 1313 Ferry St.
280.	Little Rock, Ark. (A)	4.	Victor C. Lewis.
281.	Webster, Mass.	4.	R. G. Leavitt.
282.	Zellwood, Fla.	7.	Allie D. Williamson.
283.	Greenfield, Mass. (A)	6.	C. H. K. Sanderson.
284.	Swanzy, N. H. (A)	4.	Lucy A. Whitcomb, Marlboro Depot.
285.	Dubuque, Iowa (A)	8.	Alvin S. Wheeler.
286.	Stockport, N. Y. (A)	18.	W. J. Fisher.
287.	Ottawa, Ill. (A)	5.	Edgar Eldredge.
288.	Albany, N. Y. (B)	7.	Wm. R. Nichols, 10 Hawk St.
289.	Cambria Station, Pa.	6.	E. P. Oberholtzer.
290.	Dublin, Ireland (A)	30.	Ellen J. Woodward, 5 Carlton Terrace, Upper Rathmines.
291.	Providence, R. I. (A)	6.	Mattie W. Packard, 115 Angell St.
292.	Independence, Kan.	18.	Willie H. Plank.
293.	Syracuse, N. Y. (A)	10.	Clara White, 99 W. Onondaga St.
294.	Garden City, L. I. (A)	4.	Wm. R. Kitchen.
295.	Boonville, N. Y. (A)	6.	Franklin C. Johnson.
296.	San Francisco (D)	8.	Bertha L. Rowell, 416 Sacramento St.
297.	Malden, Mass. (A)	7.	C. C. Beale, Box 131, Faulkner, Mass.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

I. A DOUBLE ACROSTIC: Divide each of the six letter-circles in such a way that the letters, in the order in which they now stand, will form a word. The six words, when rightly placed, will make a double acrostic; the initials will name an agricultural implement, and the finals a word meaning to gather for preservation.

II. AN EASY DIAMOND: From the names of the objects here pictured, form a five-letter diamond.

III. A WORD: What adjective is here represented? G. F.

WORD-SQUARE.

EACH of the following lines describes one word; when the six words are rightly selected and placed one below another, in the order here given, they will form a word-square:

1. A sultry month of scorching sun;
2. Of muses nine a "heavenly" one;
3. Part of a house much used for store;
4. Our state when griefs are pondered o'er;
5. A nap from which, refreshed, one rouses;
6. In India, frames for cooling houses.

J. P. B.

A LATIN-GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

For Older Puzzlers.

EACH of the following geographical questions may be answered by one word, and the initial letters of these words, placed in the order here given, will spell a Latin phrase used by Suetonius in writing of the Emperor Titus.

1. A group of islands belonging to Portugal.
2. An island in the Mediterranean.
3. A river of South America.
4. A city of the Netherlands.
5. An inland sea in Asiatic Russia.
6. A commercial city of China.
7. A kingdom of Western Europe.
8. A country in the western part of South America.
9. An important manufacturing city of France.
10. The lake in which the Mississippi River rises.
11. The principal city of British India.
12. One of the United States, noted for its silver mines.
13. A country of Eastern Africa.
14. A country of Africa, famous for its historical inter-

est. 15. A city of Spain. 16. A lake situated between the United States and Canada. 17. A republic of Central America. 18. A river of Asia, which empties into the Persian Gulf. 19. A city of France, located on the Seine. 20. A great river of Southern Asia. 21. A classic name for a great peninsula of Northern Europe. 22. A cape on the coast of Delaware. 23. A city of the Netherlands. 24. A channel east of Africa. 25. A city which was, for ages, the center of European civilization. 26. A river of Russia. 27. A river of Asia, emptying into the Bay of Bengal. "VIRGINIUS."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials spell the name by which a celebrated novelist is often called; the finals, one of his most noted poems, which was published in 1810.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. What "brevity is the soul of." 2. A measure of length. 3. A girdle. 4. A sprite introduced in one of Shakespeare's dramas. 5. A girl's name. 6. A number which is to be divided into equal parts. 7. Customary. 8. A celebrated opera by Beethoven. 9. A pilferer. 10. Upright. 11. The dry land. 12. A famous river in Africa. 13. That which precedes all others of its class. 14. The name of a novel by George Eliot. 15. An inhabitant of a country of Europe. 16. The surname of a celebrated German poet, born in 1800. TANTALLON.

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND.

ACROSS (from left to right): 1. In reversible. 2. A name by which catnip is sometimes called. 3. A noisy feast. 4. To surrender. 5. Drags. 6. A snare. 7. In diamond.

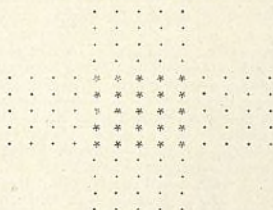
REVERSED (from right to left): 1. In reversible. 2. To write. 3. A mechanical power. 4. Reproached. 5. A scriptural word, frequently occurring in the Psalms, supposed to signify silence. 6. A number. 7. In diamond. HOSMER CLARK.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-seven letters, and am a quotation from "Midsummer Night's Dream."

My 6-10-25-11-27 is to mock. My 26-3-14-2-4-13-7 is to issue. My 24-12-15 is to adapt. My 20-18-21-17-23 is to worry. My 19-5-8 is an inhabitant of a country of Northern Europe. My 9-16-22-26 are troublesome rodents. D. D. T.

GREEK CROSS.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Obscurity. 2. A mark of respect. 3. A British officer who was hung in 1780 as a spy. 4. Pertaining to an order of Grecian architecture. 5. Upright.

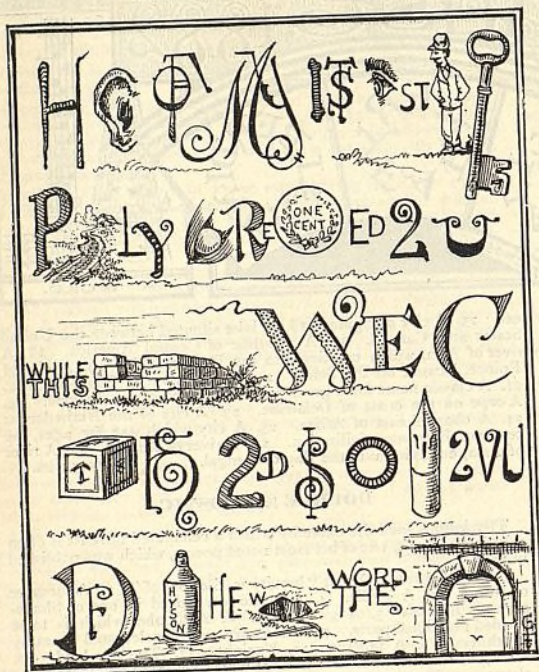
II. Left-hand Square: 1. To strike. 2. Inferior. 3. Empty. 4. A medicine that gives vigor to the system. 5. Upright.

III. Central Square: 1. Upright. 2. A boy's name. 3. The joint of the arm. 4. End. 5. A high building.

IV. Right-hand Square: 1. A high building. 2. The emblem of peace. 3. To extend. 4. Occurrence. 5. Leases.

V. Lower Square: 1. A high building. 2. Oxygen in a condensed form. 3. Formed into a fabric. 4. A Latin epic poem, written by Virgil. 5. Tears asunder. "ALCIBIADES."

PICTORIAL CHARADE.



The above should first be read as a rebus. The answer will be a charade consisting of five lines, each line of pictures representing a line of the stanza. This should, in turn, be solved as if it were printed like similar charades. The compound word which is the answer to the charade is hinted at in the illustration. G. F.

FOUR EASY DIAMONDS.

I. 1. IN supposing. 2. A body of water. 3. A fruit. 4. A unit. 5. In chasing. II. 1. A common article. 2. To imitate. 3. A common fruit. 4. A sprite. 5. In foreign. III. 1. In appealing. 2. Encountered. 3. A tropical fruit. 4. A measure. 5. In promenading. IV. 1. In abruptly. 2. A marsh. 3. A kind of tea. 4. A jewel. 5. In inclination.

"FRANCIS CO." AND C. D. H.

SYNCOPATION AND TRANSPOSITION.

My whole's a name for anything—
A comprehensive word,
And yet 't is sometimes definite,
Unless I've greatly erred.

Remove one letter, then transpose,
And you can spell a wine—
Perhaps too common on the board
Where gentlemen may dine.

Subtract another letter now,
Rightly transpose the rest,
And you at once will get the clew
By which some things are guessed.

Remove one more, transpose again,
And the result, you'll say,
Is very useful in New York
Upon the first of May.

Repeat the process once again,
And you may now unfold
A certain little tiresome thing
E'en in the best household.

Remove its head (would that you might,
Of every living one!)
And leave "near to, in, by, on, with,"
"And now my tale is done." AUNT SUE.

SYNCOPATIONS.

The syncopated letters, placed in the order here given, spell a word meaning majestic.

1. Syncopate a garment and leave a humble dwelling. 2. Syncopate a spy and leave an inhabitant of Great Britain. 3. Syncopate humorists and leave a verb. 4. Syncopate was able and leave chilly. 5. Syncopate a kind of pipe and leave a gardening instrument. 6. Syncopate part of a barrel and leave to succor.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE. Roman candle.
Did the first go to bed by the second's light,
Or shoot off the whole on a gala night?

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Left to right, Pompey; right to left, Taurus. Cross-words: 1. Packet. 2. COeval. 3. Samuel.

4. TurPin. 5. Surrey. 6. Shabby.
CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Pocahontas. 1. Co-P-al. 2. Al-O-es. 3. Fa-C-ts. 4. Lo-A-ch. 5. Sc-H-io. 6. Mo-O-re. 7. Ca-N-to. 8. Mi-T-re. 9. Co-A-st. 10. Ca-S-ts.

CROSS PUZZLE. 1 to 2, keel; 5 to 2, reel; 3 to 2, pool; 4 to 2, evil. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Excalibur.
Pt. Events are only winged shuttles which fly from one side of the loom of life to the other, bearing the many colored threads out of which the fabric of our character is made.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Calhoun; finals, Webster. Cross-words: 1. CaW. 2. ArchivE. 3. LimB. 4. HarasS. 5. Oce- loT. 6. UtilizE. 7. NavigatoR.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.—Ecclesiastes, xii., 12.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. A few easels (few w/easels).

ANAGRAMS. 1. Home, Sweet Home, by John Howard Payne. 2. The Star Spangled Banner, by Francis Scott Key. 3. Battle Hymn of the Republic, by Julia Ward Howe. 4. The Old Oaken Bucket, by Samuel Woodworth. 5. Woodman, Spare that Tree, by George P. Morris.—CHARADE. Manage.

NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Fourth of July.
OCTAGON. Across: 1. Pan. 2. Cares. 3. Parcels. 4. Arcadia. 5. Needing. 6. Slink. 7. Sag.

ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from Marna and Bae and Helen E. Mahan. ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from Paul, Frank, and John, 1—Arthur A. Moon, 2—Helen M. Dunnan, 3—"A Solver," 6—Daisy, 2—A. Hawthorne, 2—Annetta W. Peck, 1—Lightner Witmer, 5—Charlie Wright, 3—B. H., 1—Natie P. Cutler, 1—G. C. Southard, 1—May Fuller, 1—Lannie Daniels, 3—Julia P. Ballard, 11—Maidie R. Lang, 2—F. Pearl Holden, 1—E. A. W. and J. C. N., 1—Willie Witherle, 2—Sara M. and Edith Gallaudet, 7—Bessie Ammerman, 2—S. R. T., 11—Omer T. Trash, 1—B. F. E., 3—Edward Dana Sabine, 3—"Wilmington," 6—Aggie Rhodes, 8—Frankie Crawford, 7—Thomas H. Miller, 3—Alice S. Rhoads, 9—Frank Benedict, 1—Charlie S., 2—Emeline Tungerich and Clara Small, 7—F. Edith Case, 7—Daisy F. and Ethel B. Barry, 7—Eva M. Hoadley, 1—Anna K. Thompson, 2—Frederica and Andrew Davis, 11—"Leather Stocking," 1—Etta U. Taylor, 3—Willie H. Bawden, 5—"Youle," 5—"Alcibiades," 11—George Leonard, Jr., 1—Harvey F. Phipard, 1—Eddie K. Talboys, 9—E. L. Jones, 2—C. O. B., 3—Leslie Douglass, 8—Asenath B. Hosmer, 1—Ruth and Samuel Camp, 5—A. M. ing, 1—M. W., 8—Ethel M. Eager, 7—Gertrude Lansing and Julia Wallace, 6—Maud T. Badlam, 2—Mabel Thompson, 5—Polywog and Tadpole, 5—Anna Buell Ely, 1—A. F. and B. L., 7—Paul Z., 10—Ralph and Josephine, 10—Annie, Mabel, and Florence Knight, 10—Bessie P. McCollin, 10—Virginia M. Giffin, 1—May Beadle, 7—Mary Burnam, 6—Charles P. Shoemaker, 2—No Name, 7—Minnie B. Murray, 11—Grace P. Ford, 1—Howard Smith, 1—Violette, 1—James R. Moore, 3—"The Houghton Family," 11—Jim Hutchinson, 8—From Canada, 5—Lottie Foggan, 4—Mollie Weiss, 4—Anna Clarke, 3—Anna R. Warner, 8—Vin and Alex, 9—May, Bess, and Verna, 8—Rory O'More, 6—"Joe B., 5—Florence G. Lane, 4—Winnie, 2—Clara, Luzia, and Elsie, 9—S. W. McCleary, 2—Wiley P. Boddie, 1—Mamie Baker, 1—"Professor and Co.," 10—D. S. Crosby and H. W. Chandler, Jr., 11—James Herbert Jordan, 2—Alice Maude Kye, 9—Florence E. Provost, 5—Paul England and Co., 10—Georgia Harlan, 5—Charles H. Parmlly, 7—J. S. Tennant, 11—Fred. Thwaites, 11—Eliza L. McCook, 7—Maud and Sadie, 3—Georgia Harlan, 5—Charles H. Parmlly, 7—Kate Flemming, 5—Nathalie and Mary, 8—Sadie L. Rhodes, 3—Mother and I, 4—Ruhtra and Oeht, 5—Daisy Vail, 5—Allen H. C., 8—Anne Lovitt, 9—W. Manchester, 11—Clara and her Aunt, 10—Clara J. Child, 11—M. S. G., 6—Wilde, 2—Madge Tolderlund, 8—Sallie Viles, 11—Three Robins, 7—Lyde McKinney, 5—Sid and I, 8—Geo. J. Fiske, 7—Appleton H., 10—Edith McKeever and Amy Elliott, 10—Florence Leslie Kye, 10—Harry Johnston, 7. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.